

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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HARVESTING IN WINTER.—OPERATION OF ICE-CUTTING, AT BARRYTOWN, ON THE HUDSON RIVER, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 346.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1871.

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CONSPICUITY NOT GREATNESS—
MR. MOTLEY'S POSITION.

To be great and to be conspicuous are almost synonymous terms in the American mind. This is evident in every walk and sphere of life. A young medical graduate, leaving the provincial town of Boston for New York, had a confidential chat with a great man of a similar age—great, because he had come from the metropolis of New York—great, because he knew the world, having been a calico-seller at the great Stewart's, who is great because he has the greatest of all things mundane.

The student was ambitious, and he had just passed a most creditable examination for his diploma, and so he said to his New York great man, "I mean to be the greatest doctor, wherever I am. I go to New York simply because it is the biggest place, and the first doctor of a big place is greater than the first doctor of a small place."

The New York ex-Stewart clerk had the wisdom of the day. He confounded greatness with its shadow. Still, he was not wanting in a certain shrewdness. "You are going to New York," he said—"a strange city for you. Now, the first requisite for you is to be generally known. You may have all the latent native genius and erudition conceivable, but if nobody knows it, why, it is all useless, so far as your being the first physician of the city is concerned. Now, let me advise you. Everybody goes to Niblo's Garden (1840). Now, if you want everybody to know you, go and get the seat next the proscenium box, and it will not be long before everybody in New York will be asking 'Who that good-looking fellow is?'"

With a considerable good judgment, there was that wanting in this advice which made the whole ridiculous, for few know to-day that a reputation, outside of the desired one, is a detriment.

The same young doctor had a relative, equally imbued with the same idea, and he said to him, "Come to my house any time, at all times, to dinner on Sunday, to spend an evening two or three times a week. You will meet great numbers of people, and, as my relative, it cannot fail to start you in your profession." The young man said, "Let your coachman or grocer know that I have attended your baby with chicken-pox or a worm-fever, and it will be worth more to me, in a pecuniary way, than hobnobbing with all the aldermen and lady-patronesses of New York."

The young lawyer who starts and grows into a business is not he whose name is in the papers for his speech at such a ward political meeting or public dinner, but he who has well defended a cause in court. A wide reputation is a very dangerous thing. To be guilty of writing a "Paradise Lost" would prevent a young man from ever being a parson over a settled parish, and to have written "Hamlet," or even the "School for Scandal," would be an effectual barrier to the professional success of any young lawyer or physician.

And yet there is one exception to this rule worthy of mention, and the more so as, for some strange reason, it is perhaps the only one where this reversal of the general judgment is usually most lamentably incorrect.

Although, as intimated, literary men can with difficulty obtain another reputation as professional men, yet any kind of a literary man is supposed to be capable of being a diplomatic agent. This is partially owing to an erroneous idea of the requisites necessary for the position—the general impression being that diplomats have little else to employ themselves about except to draw their salaries, entertain their countrymen, and be entertained by the governments to which they are accredited. Charles F. Adams's recent address has, to some degree, dispelled something of this popular prejudice.

The fact is evident, however—Mr. Everett had not the least business or diplomatic education. He was a clergyman, a pleasant writer and speaker, a man of taste and refinement, but with no shrewdness or qualities beyond language and fancies. Mr. Fay's character, tastes and capacities are entirely of a literary vein. Mr. Bancroft was another clergyman, a literary man, and the compiler of history; he sat in the chair of the Navy Department of the United States, although he had not the first quality properly to fill the post—nor has any Secretary

of the Navy in the last ninety years ever had the least acquaintance with marine affairs. But Mr. Bancroft was rewarded for his history by being made Collector of the Port of Boston; and now sent to Berlin—a place especially inappropriate for him, as he has so little of the German element, except the love of family and position—not even the power of expressing himself in the language. What a contrast to the business character of the American Minister to France!

But the most marked evidence of the unfitness of simple literary men of abstruse studies, and habits rather of introspection than of external observation and great range of thought, is the melancholy *fiasco* of Mr. Mouley. His overthrow in the tussle waged against the Government by his own volition, his determination to have himself placed on the record, can only be compared with the similar fate of his great belligerent exemplar, the Emperor of the French! Mr. Secretary Fish's letter in reply is a Sedan which the sedentary man will digest at his leisure.

Mr. Motley will discover that his conspicuousity has not resulted from or brought with it greatness. His name, indeed, has often been in the papers. So has Helmholtz's and Fisk's. Mr. Motley was accredited with greatness while he was considered as an historian—a kind of recording secretary of the achievements of others—but the lion's skin was not for his shoulders.

The fly on the wheel may say, "See what a dust I kick up!" but few will believe in the claim.

But to return from this recent example to the theme. The American desire of public appearance is evident, in the desire of so many to figure as directors in charitable, church and business organizations; to be marshals of processions; on the committees of balls, fairs and receptions; to sit on the platform in lyceum and other lectures. It pleases their vanity to seem great; to be so, interests them less. The exhorters even at a prayer-meeting, we are afraid, are imbued with no little of this same spirit.

And there is great willingness on the part of our community to allow the claims of the self-asserting, to a greater or less extent. The men who have acquired riches are allowed to be not only smart business men, but to be judges of horses, pictures, wine, literature and music. He who has cut off a leg well is considered to be necessarily an able diagnostician and prescriber for disease. A jury advocate in criminal cases is supposed to be necessarily capable of carrying on a patent suit, or examining titles to estates, or of arguing a knotty law point before a bench of judges.

If we but recognize the limitations of humanity, we shall have less of this hero-worship, which, in some of its manifestations, is so generally prevalent; and, on the other hand, a little personal success will not make an individual arrogant and vain. Had not Mr. Motley considered himself too big for instructions, he would now be the indefinite incumbent of a post from which he has been properly dismissed.

PARIS.

How much longer Paris will hold out, with the armies organized for relief throughout France defeated, if not disorganized, and shot and shell pouring day and night into one of her most populous and important quarters, no one, after the failure of all prophecies on the subject, will undertake to say. Still, every day or week of resistance brings the doomed city a day or a week nearer the supreme moment of her humiliation and downfall. But whenever it comes, be it sooner or later, she need add no more to the story of her constancy, patience, and endurance, to make her defense one of the brightest episodes in her history. No one, not even of the stern soldiers who are pressing her to the direst extremity, can fail to admire and respect her gallantry—all the more striking as showing the world that, beneath all her frivolities, her luxuries, and her vices, there lay the best elements of greatness. It will be many years, we ween, before Paris will again be the gay, conceited city it was six months ago. And long will it be before her forests, her gardens, her galleries, and her palaces, the creations of centuries, will be restored to challenge the admiration of the world. Meudon, St. Cloud, Malmaison, the Woods of Boulogne and Vincennes, can never exist again, clustered as they were historical associations, with their stories of love and crime, monuments of a long and varied history. How strangely it sounds to hear that German shells are falling on the gilded dome of the Invalides, beneath which rest the remains of the Great Napoleon; that they rain on the Luxembourg, and spare not the Pantheon, dedicated to the great names of France!

But while we admire the courage and persistence of Paris, in view of the great loss to the world that must result from prolonging the struggle, we shall hail with satisfaction the news of her surrender. Every reasonable

hope is exhausted, honor has been vindicated, and further resistance is criminal. The name of Lee will gain little in history on account of his protraction of a war the result of which he well knew was decided at Gettysburgh.

What is the real state of affairs in Paris itself it is difficult to ascertain. We have been told that there was meat (horse) enough to last until February, and that there were ample stores of bread. All that we know for certain is, that a supply of horseflesh is still doled out, which is a great deal better than nothing, but falls very far short of the very lowest that those accustomed to meat ordinarily consume. A hearty man, who got no more than his own share, would now have to live in Paris on the equivalent of two mutton cutlets a week. Then, both flour and coals are now placed under Government supervision, and no one is permitted to possess more than a prescribed amount.

On the other hand, the great bulk of the population of Paris, the *ouvrier* class, have not been accustomed to live any better than they do now. They have money wherewith to buy bread and wine, and their daily ration of meat is large enough to give them as good a Sunday dinner as they have commonly had. They are secured against starvation by the care of the Government, and in this respect their anxieties are fewer than in an ordinary winter. It is this class that controls the destinies of Paris, and, however ready the rich or the *bourgeoisie* may be to surrender, they cannot do so until the workmen, from pressure or other cause, consent.

But, as we have said, the time for surrender must come, for starvation is coming, slowly it may be, but surely. What Paris will do when this spectre really flits before the eyes of the population, no one can pretend to say. It has been surmised that General Trochu, in anticipation of such a crisis, has formed a project of retreating, with a large force and ample stores, into the fortress of Mont Valérien. But, as the Germans need not accept the capitulation of the city without that of the forts, General Trochu would simply be killing off daily thousands of his countrymen in order to prolong a useless resistance. Paris will not yield unless it is starving, and a French General could hardly bear to protract the agonies of its starvation, whatever might be the military gain of his holding an adjoining fort.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.

"HOW NOT TO DO IT."

PART II.

THE readers of the remarks on this subject in our last issue will readily see that much more than has been said might be said. But our object is to call attention to the matter—not to exhaust it; and we conclude what we have to say in the present number.

There is one thing which is not strictly a part of the "system" of public schools, although it grows out of it, that adds materially to the "education" of the boys, and therefore must not be omitted in this little bill of particulars.

In some of the larger schools—for instance, that in Thirteenth street—more or less of the boys are compelled to stand in the school-room, for periods varying from half an hour to an hour in the morning, because there are present more boys than benches. Instances are not infrequent when some of the boys, after rapidly walking to school, and being thereby fatigued, actually faint from sheer exhaustion while standing in the warm room, waiting for a seat. An uninitiated spectator would say, "Why do not the teachers dismiss and send to other schools all their surplus boys?"—surplus, that is, in reference to the seats. The uninitiated spectator does not know what the teachers know—namely, that the Board of Education, according to the law, allows the several schools a fixed sum of money for each scholar enrolled, and that fund supports the teachers, other than principals and vice-principals. The rate is, ten dollars for every scholar whose name is enrolled as a member of any of the schools. The rates specified *per caput* refer to scholars enrolled—that is, to scholars who have, as the lawyers say, "entered an appearance," who have presented themselves once and given their names and addresses, and who, thenceforward, are counted in the column headed "Whole Number Taught," however seldom they may appear in the column headed "Average Attendance." And the *capability of expansion* which that first-mentioned column admits of is illustrated in the fact that a boy will give in his name at the commencement of the season, default after a week or two by truancy or otherwise, and then reappear at that school, or another, and be enrolled over again, and by-and-by default again and reappear again, and each time he counts *one more* in the aforesaid first column. There is an accredited instance of one boy's having been thus counted eleven times in one year. Will he not, when he grows up, be a ready-made "repeater" at the polls? That boy was *worth* to the Teachers' Fund the sum of "eleven times ten"—to wit, one hundred and ten dollars. Perhaps, now, the

aforesaid uninitiated spectator can "see it"—see, namely, why the surplus boys are not discharged from an overcrowded school; why, the boys, belong to that Ward; and the teachers of each Ward are "one and indivisible," like the French Republic. They will not let their money go to rival establishments. This secret of "repeating" would have been worth its weight in gold to the amiable Squeers, who, so far as this improvement in the educational system is concerned, lived too soon.

Enough having now been said to set forth the benefits of the homeopathic, or infinitesimal system of "education," a few words must be devoted to the opposite system—namely, that of large doses, or the allopathic branch of practice.

The Manual of the Board of Education shows what are the designated studies for the several classes, from the lowest to the highest, and it is barely possible that if the several classes were properly supplied with teachers, and the competency of each teacher was really ascertained, the programme might be literally carried out. But, inasmuch as the number of teachers is, all the way through, disproportionately small, and as the majority of the children in the lower classes are imperfectly taught, and as, moreover, the members of the higher classes are reviewed in their precedent studies, the constant reviewing, added to the present list of studies in any one class, brings on that class an accumulation of studies that necessitates the allopathic doses referred to. Besides, as the proportion of teachers to scholars is kept up; as each teacher has on his or her hands from fifty to sixty, and sometimes a hundred, scholars, he or she must make short work of questions and compel rapid replies. The questions therefore are not half the time understood, and no time for reflection can be allowed in the answers. It is a series of what sportsmen call "snap-shots." It is a constant state of high-pressure speed. On this train, there are neither way-stations nor watering-places.

See what has to be done by a class of the Fourth Grade, which is three from the highest:

1. Reading of grade of Fourth Reader (latter half), with particular reference to emphasis, intonation and naturalness of expression.

2. Spelling and definitions, as in the preceding grades.

3. Mental arithmetic: a review of the preceding grades, with calculation and analysis. Written arithmetic through denominate numbers and fractions, with practical application.

4. Geography, local and descriptive, through Asia, Africa and Oceanica.

5. English grammar commenced, with the use of text-book, to include the analysis, parsing and construction of simple sentences, and with such definitions only as pertain to the parts of the subject studied.

6. History: the early discoveries and the outlines of Colonial history to 1753.

7. Oral instruction. The topics of preceding grades continued and reviewed; and, in addition, the simple outlines of physiology and hygiene.

The foregoing items are what one teacher is required to impart to fifty or sixty or more scholars. How far the teacher is able to accomplish his or her part, and how far the scholars are able to co-operate in the undertaking—the reader may judge for himself.

One instance (among others) of great injustice to the female teachers, is thus expressed in an address by a committee of female teachers to the Board of Education, in October, 1870:

"GENTLEMEN—The female assistants employed in the male departments of the grammar schools under your charge earnestly solicit that the average salaries of the male and female assistants in said departments may be equalized.

"In asking this, we submit to your consideration the following: At present there are two averages for the assistants in the male departments of the grammar schools—one thousand four hundred dollars for male assistants, and seven hundred and twenty-five dollars for female assistants.

"We respectfully call your attention to the practical working of this system.

"In many of our schools the lowest male assistant and the highest female assistant teach classes of the same grade; these classes, if examined together, stand equally well; but should the male assistant leave, the female assistant cannot take the position which the said male assistant has held, because the average salary (\$1,400) paid to the male assistants would be thereby disturbed; to maintain said average another male assistant must be appointed at the same salary. The female assistant may have had many years' experience in teaching; the male assistant, newly appointed, none at all. We would therefore respectfully suggest to your honorable body that there be but one average for all assistants in the male departments of the grammar schools.

"As the by-law now stands, the female assistants can advance only to a certain position; or if, as in some schools, male assistants are dispensed with altogether, the female assistants receive from eight hundred dollars to one thousand dollars for doing work for which a male assistant has received one thousand six hundred dollars."

These remarks have now been extended sufficiently to call public attention to the subject; but they ought not to conclude without a little specimen of the arithmetic practiced by the Superintendent, or by some of his subordinates.

It has already been mentioned that the Annual Report for 1869, published in August, 1870, states the "Whole Number Taught" to be two

hundred and thirty-seven thousand three hundred and twenty-five; and it is but simple arithmetic to say, that the allowance of ten dollars for each of those, for the Teachers' Fund, would amount to a little more than two and a quarter millions of dollars. So far, so good. But where do all these scholars come from?

In the year 1865, the census returns gave the population of New York at 726,386. And of that number, the children between five years and fifteen were returned at 148,500. That is, in round numbers, the children of those ages amounted to about twenty per cent. of the whole population.

The census of 1870 gives the whole population at 927,436. The returns of the several ages are not yet accessible; but, estimating the present number of children who are of the ages of from five to fifteen years at the same ratio as in 1865, the number for 1870 would be - - - - - 185,487

From that number there must be deducted the scholars who attend the several large Roman Catholic schools, and the scholars of the almost innumerable private schools in the city, not denominational, the estimate of which in 1867 was, together, 52,000 Also deduct the scholars of the industrial schools of the Children's Aid Society for 1869 - - - - - 7,000—59,000

126,487

There then remain to be deducted, the dockboys, newsboys, bootblacks, and the mass of loafing-boys around the town, who attend no schools, and also all the girls who go to no schools, which, by a mere guess, may be stated at - - - - - 20,000

And there are left eligible to the public schools - - - - - 106,487

Yet, the Report shows that the "Whole Number Taught" was 237,325, and the "Average Attendance" was 102,970.

Now, query: Where do the "Whole Number Taught" come from? And whether the question can be satisfactorily answered, or not, the Report itself shows where the money goes. It is thus stated for 1869:

For Teachers' wages, exclusive of colored schools.....	\$1,750,634.94
" Support of colored schools.....	41,908.28
" Schools' apparatus, maps, globes, black-boards, books, etc.....	164,717.05
" Purchase of sites of school-houses..	104,425.50
" Building, purchasing and hiring school-houses.....	419,089.09
" Repairing school-buildings.....	132,763.02
" Furnishing school-buildings.....	59,570.48
" Fuel, and its preparation for use....	54,678.76
" Salaries of superintendents, clerks, janitors and employes of the Board, other than teachers.....	151,746.33
" Incidental expenses of schools and of the Board.....	172,745.02
" Apportionment to corporate schools	63,857.77
	\$3,136,136.54

The terminus of this great railroad is the "College of New York," formerly known as the "Free Academy," in Lexington avenue, on the corner of Twenty-third street. There is no doubt that the scholars who manage to keep on the train until they reach that point are well educated and disciplined; and that, when they are graduated from that College, they are well qualified for any position where a thorough education is required. But, of course, the great majority of the public-school pupils, girls included, have no wish to enter the College, and do not seek to do so.

The object of these remarks is, to show that the great majority of boys and girls who attend the public schools to obtain an education appropriate to their respective conditions of life, are very likely not to get it; and for the simple reason, that the means are not at all adapted to the end. The establishment absorbs money enough to accomplish the object fully; but it is ill-organized and ill-managed; and the very theory of the thing is preposterous. It is the Procrustean theory, which assumes that every boy and every girl needs to be taught, and is capable of learning exactly the same things, in precisely the same way, and in the same number of minutes ticked off by a chronometer.

Any intelligent reader of these remarks can see that the entire list of defects in the system would fill half-a-dozen numbers of this newspaper; and that, therefore, but a few of the whole list are selected; and, that those are very briefly treated. Any experienced teacher in a grammar school can tell the whole story.

THE attempt to deprive Admiral Porter of the legitimate reward of his long and arduous public service, by the publication of private correspondence, and other means equally base—by libels in newspapers and back-door intrigues—have signally failed. His nomination to the Admiralty of the Navy, as the successor of Farragut, has been confirmed by the Senate, by a vote of more than three to one.

This result is one of many evidences of the usefulness of a comparatively cool and deliberate body in the Government, like the Senate. It has often opposed itself to acts of legislation and declarations on the part of that very excitable, sometimes disorderly, and seldom prudent body, the House of Representatives, which could not fail to seriously injure or discredit the country. How often has it occurred that some resolution, like that endorsing Fenianism, has been proposed and carried on the instant, amid the surprise and confusion of members, who knew not for the moment how to act, and therefore did not act, or, acting, did not fail to regret their action after reflection. General Logan carried the measure of abolishing the office of Admiral in this way, and under the pressure of the previous question, and other whip-and-spur devices. The Senate, however, could not fail to see how great an outrage it would be to make Sherman General after Grant, and to deny corresponding recognition to Porter, his counterpart in the Navy. "All's well that ends well!"

THE *Alaska Times* is defunct. Newspapers do not flourish in that genial and sunny land, sacred to Seward and Sumner. Mr. Murphy, the proprietor, gives a lamentable valedictory. His description of affairs is calculated to make us doubt the expediency of the military rule to which the Earthly Paradise has been subjected. Mr. Murphy says that not less than eight murders have been committed in Sitka within eight years, and that not one of them has been punished. The army officers and United States postal agent knock down women and girls in the street, and not seldom inoffensive Russians. The officers force their way into Russian houses and take liberties with the women, while private soldiers do the same gallant thing. The better class of the Russian population is leaving, "heartily sick and disgusted with the American name." In Santo Domingo probably "the boot would be on the other leg," and Americans, instead of Russians, be subjected to like gentle treatment.

THERE be wheels within wheels, and big fishes and little fishes, and grand excommunicators and picaune excommunicators. Thus while the old lady of the Vatican, who has got the centuries somehow mixed up, excommunicates all Italy for occupying Rome, her diminutive representative, the Archbishop of Nicaragua, does the same thing in respect of the editor of a small newspaper, published in Leon, called *Common Sense*. The 14th of September, the anniversary of some local scrimmage, was to be celebrated with great rejoicings, when to make "a great moral example" all the more striking from that circumstance, the archbishop, instead of permitting the bells of the churches to sound "a joyous peal," ordered them to be tolled in a most doleful way. At the same time he cursed and excommunicated the editor and publishers of *Common Sense* with bell, book and candle, in ancient and solemn style, for having treated the Holy Catholic Church and its ministers with disrespect. The report states that the publication was destitute of common sense, and unworthy of such a tremendous judgment: but the archbishop doubtless has, by reflection, some portion of the newly decreed infallibility, and must therefore know better. And this is the Nineteenth Century!

TREASURER SPINNER has taken an unusual way to bring to the comprehension of all the people what the increased receipts and decreased expenditure really mean. During the past year, according to his statement to Congress, the amount was \$68,734,020.29, referring to which he says:

"In order to explain more clearly to such persons as are not in the habit of thinking of money by the millions of dollars, the great saving that has been made to the Treasury of the United States in the last fiscal year over the one preceding it, the statement is here made that after deducting 52 Sundays and four legal holidays from the 365 days, 309 executive days remain in the year, in which time the saving of \$68,734,020.29c. was made; that the average saving on the working days of the fiscal year that closed with June 30, 1870, over those of the year preceding, was over \$222,440 per day, being over \$9,268 per hour, and over \$154 per minute, being more than equal to the extra dropping of \$2.50c. into the coffers of the Treasury in every second of the time."

THE *Hartford Courant*, which represents the best religious sentiment of orthodox Connecticut, takes strong ground against the proposed religious amendment of the United States Constitution. It cogently says: "When this sort of amendment is once begun, where is it to end? Suppose that the Roman Church should some day get the majority over the Protestants in America. Should we like to see them proceed, logically to them, with the religious amendment to the Constitution, inserting the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, of Transubstantiation, of the Infallibility of the Vicegerent of Christ on Earth? Why not, if the majority of the people is to define the faith for the minority?"

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

London.—The Site of the New Law Courts—The Eclipse.

The forlorn condition of Temple Bar, since it has been deprived of the support of the houses which stood upon its northern side, is one of the dullest spectacles of London; nor does there appear to be any immediate prospect of improvement in this quarter. Nearly three years have elapsed since the inhabitants of houses covering seven and a half acres of land in the very heart of London were informed that their dwellings must be vacated and pulled down at the shortest possible notice, for the Royal Commissioners required the land for the building of the New Law Courts. House-room for the poorer classes in London has long been becoming scarcer; and these old dwellings were chiefly let out in separate tenements to humble lodgers. Thirty-four streets, courts and alleys, containing four hundred houses, were thus doomed to destruction; and it is computed that at least four thousand persons were driven out to seek new homes in districts already overcrowded with the dwellings of the poor. All this is, of course, inevitable; for the object of the site is an important one, and the progress of metropolitan improvement ought not to be staid for the convenience of either rich or poor. It is only within the last few weeks that tenders have been invited for digging the foundations of the new Courts. The unsightly boarding still occupies the place of the row of cheerful shops which had stood between Clement's Inn and Temple Bar; and the seven and a half acres of land is still a wilderness of ruinous cellars and pools of stagnant water. The loss in rents alone by this premature demolition must have been considerable.

Important details of the Solar Eclipse, as observed by scientific persons in Sicily, in North Africa, and under great difficulties, from the prevalence of clouds—in Gibraltar, are beginning to come in, and to excite the minds of the wise. Meantime, its more familiar aspect, as affecting that unique assemblage, a genuine London street crowd, is not without interest. In England, the eclipse amounted to the obscuration of more than half the sun, leaving the luminary in the shape of a brilliant crescent, but not sensibly diminishing the ordinary light of day. In all the open spaces of London there were knots of persons witnessing the phenomenon, and exchanging remarks, more or less accurate, on the cause. Barnard, a son of the pave and a very clever draughtsman, has designed the scene which we reproduce. The artist has faithfully and vividly depicted one of these groups. The old-clothes man and the young swell, as well as the newsboy and the crossing-sweeper, stop to have a look; and even omnibus and cab-drivers snatch furtive glances at the darkened sun, while rattling through the crowded streets. One spectacled gentleman peers through a piece of colored glass. The policeman is evidently mixing a little sentiment with his philosophizing to the neat-handed Phillis—no doubt expounding the mystery after this fashion: "You see, my dear, 'tis just the same as if some unmannerly coalheaver put himself between you and me, and so shut me out from the light of your sweet face." Of this we may be sure, that the most haphazard guess at the cause by the most unlettered, nowadays, will be nearer the mark—thanks to the diffusion of knowledge—than were the speculations of the learned, ages ago, when the disastrous twilight perplexed monarchs with fear of change.

France.—Retreat of the Army of the Loire.

On the 5th of December last, General Aurelle de Paladine, commanding the French Army of the Loire, was forced to abandon Orleans, and the Prussian troops immediately entered it. The latter army passed through the city, crossing the river by the fine stone bridge on the way to the road to Blois, down the left bank of the river, with a view to cut off the remnant of the French army from Tours. The retreat of the French was conducted through a severe storm, the wounded and sick being borne in wagons and on the shoulders of their more fortunate comrades.

France.—"Frogs" of the Loire Captured at Orleans.

The large body of hostile troops within French territory made it incumbent upon the authorities of all cities and villages likely to be visited by the enemy to strain every nerve in providing means of defense. At Orleans a number of gunboats were improvised for service upon the Loire, from small boats which seemed hardly large or strong enough to resist the rebound of the heavy guns placed in them. These were seized by the Prussians, with all their comely furniture, and drawn up near the bridge, where one of their number had previously been sunk.

Paris.—Butchers' Horse Market.

The space between the Boulevard d'Emile and the Boulevard Montrouge, in Paris, has been set apart for the market of horses to be slaughtered for butchers' meat. Animals of all breeds are here collected, while occasionally a mule bellows forth its piercing protest. Crowds of hungry citizens visit the market, eager to purchase the meat as soon as the horses are slain.

France.—Address of the German Parliament to the King, at Versailles.

The King of Prussia received a deputation from the Reichstag, or Parliament, of the North German Confederation, in the Prefecture of Versailles, December 18th. The King and suite met the party in the great drawing-room of the building. His Majesty was in full uniform, and stood by the fire, with the Crown Prince on his right, and the Princes of Weimar, Mecklenburg, Wurtemberg and Hohenzollern a little further back. On his left was the reigning Duke of Coburg, with Count Bismarck and Herr Simpson—who is called the King-Maker of Germany, having offered an imperial crown to Frederick William IV. in 1849, and lived to offer one to William I. in 1870. The Parliamentary address was read by him, and responded to by the King, after which His Majesty walked over and shook hands heartily with the various deputies.

France.—The Last Bivouac.

In our last number we gave an illustration of a scene witnessed on the crest of a hill between Champagne and Villiers, on the night of December 5th last, in which was shown the bivouac of the living soldiers. The men were huddled together in pits dug in the ground and protected from the cold by bundles of straw. The companion-picture presented this week shows the sad spectacle of the bivouac of the dead, whom no degree of warmth or protection could restore to animation. The grouping of the figures affords a mournful study; some appear to be in a deep, peaceful sleep, their faces illumined by

visions of their far-away families; others indicate the agony of their passage from the material world, in attitude, stare and distortion of features.

Investment of Paris.—Moblots Cutting up Dead Horses, after the Sortie.

A battle-field, shortly after an action, is a singular sight, but still stranger scenes than usual are now witnessed after the numerous encounters between the Prussians and Parisians. Before the firing has ceased, small detachments of Moblots may be seen advancing, with their swords drawn, in quest of slain horses. Having found some poor animal which has been rendered useless for war purposes, they fall upon him with their swords, hack him to pieces, and then, shouldering the flesh, march off to their respective quarters, where the remains are soon converted into savory soup. These amateur butchers have become so skillful, that they will convert a plump animal into a cleanly-picked skeleton in half an hour.

COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

THIRTY-TWO years ago, the Rutgers Female Institute (now College) was established in the city of New York. It was not endowed, nor was it placed upon an equal footing with colleges for young men. A generation has passed away since it was founded. During that period it has done a good work; but the increasing demands of the age require that it should now be endowed and enlarged. Upon a full hearing of the facts of its history, the Legislature, in accordance with a report made by the President of Cornell University, at the time a State Senator, granted to the Institute a full college charter.

At different times, and in different ways, millions of money have been set apart in this city for colleges exclusively for young men, but not a dollar, from private resources, for any college for the education of young women. Here is a great wrong to be righted, a great duty to be done. The Trustees of Rutgers Female College, by obtaining a charter, ample in rights and powers, have taken the first step toward this end; and have made an appeal to the people of the city of New York for the means to carrying out the plan of a college for young women.

New York has become the fourth city in population and the second in wealth among the cities of the civilized world. In its readiness to contribute to anything that is for the well-being of humanity, it has never been wanting; and it is hoped the object now proposed will meet with the earnest support of all who have the means to spare for beneficent purposes.

Donations are desired either for specific purposes—such as the endowment of professorships, the founding of scholarships, or the schools of art and technology—or for the general purposes of the College. It is desirable to establish, on a broad and lasting basis, a university, embracing a college proper, with professorships of mathematics and astronomy, of the natural and physical sciences, of mental and moral philosophy, of ancient and modern languages, of history and belles lettres, together with an astronomical observatory, a department of art, a school of technology, in which women may be scientifically trained for industrial pursuits, and such other departments as may seem to be required, in order to make the facilities for the education of women in this city, in all respects, equal to those afforded for men.

For the adequate accomplishment of this plan, the sum of \$500,000 is needed. Of this amount, not less than \$150,000 will be required for buildings to accommodate the College and its several departments—either those now occupied, or any others that would be suited to the purpose. It is estimated that the school of technology can be maintained upon a basis of \$100,000, and the art school upon a like amount. \$10,000 will found a permanent lectureship, while smaller sums may be appropriated to free scholarships, for the benefit of deserving students in either of the departments, or to funds for the library, cabinets, and apparatus.

H. H. Van Dyck, 5 Dey street, late Treasurer of the United States in this city, is Treasurer of the Endowment Fund.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS KREBS gave another choral matinee recital on Saturday last, in New York.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS is to give two of his fine symphony concerts in New York, on the evenings of the 27th and 28th of January.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT (Jeems Pipes of Pipesville) gave a reading at the Santa Clara College, California, recently, for the benefit of the Mercantile Library, to a large audience.

MARIE SEEBACH, who gave a series of performances at the Stadt Theatre, New York, last week, had a benefit on Saturday evening, when she appeared in Halm's famous tragedy of "Griseida," one of the best pieces in her repertoire.

THE Philharmonic Society of New York gave a rehearsal at the Academy of Music on January 20th, when the following programme was presented: Symphony in D, major, Mozart; "Sacuntala" overture, Goldmark; and overture, scherzo and finale, Schuman.

RANDOLPH, whom we may call the "Ladies' Baritone," so popular is he with the *beau sexe*, has returned to New York to sing for the Holland Benefit. His exceptional voice and dramatic intensity eminently fit him for opera, and we trust soon to hear him in some great rôle.

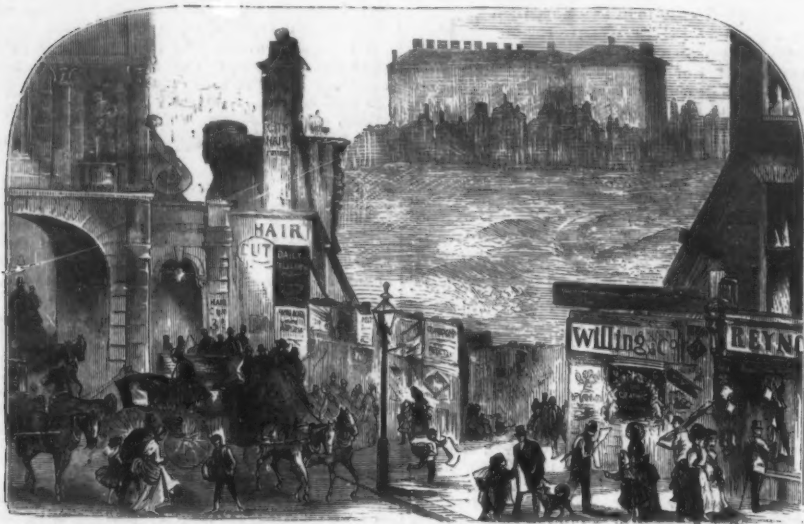
WEHLI, the most popular pianist of the day, returned from his country successes (on the Kellogg tour) to dazzle and delight New York at the Holland Benefit, on Saturday last, at the Academy. He was fit the vein for playing, and won tempests of applause for his Fantasia on "Lurline"—a marvel of execution, beauty, skill and effect.

"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON" is the most laughable burlesque presented at Wood's Museum this season. It is founded upon the legend of the combat of St. George, of England, with the dragon, and introduces besides that valiant knight, who is represented by Miss Thompson, St. Denis, of France; St. Patrick, of Ireland; St. Anthony, of Italy; St. James, of Spain; St. Andrew, of Scotland; St. David, of Wales, and other rich characters.

MISS KELLOGG made her first appearance in oratorio in New York at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, January 19th, attracting an audience that crowded the vast building to its utmost. The piece chosen was "The Messiah." Nearly two hundred members of the Mendelssohn Union formed the chorus, and the solo parts were sustained by Miss Kellogg, Mrs. Kempton, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Whitney. The success of the occasion was decided.

THURSDAY of last week was set apart for the Holland testimonial, to which the actors and managers of twelve theatres in New York and Brooklyn contributed. Besides these, Mr. Ford, of the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, gave the entire receipts of a special matinee, with Mr. J. S. Clarke and the English Opera Troupe as the attractions; and Mr. Davenport gave a performance at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Special performances on Saturday night, January 21st, at the Academy of Music, and Wednesday 25th, at the French Theatre, closed the testimonial enterprise. There has been no instance in the annals of the stage where so large a number of professional persons have volunteered their services. It should be understood that the managers of the New York theatres sent checks to the committee for the entire receipts taken at their doors without deduction for any purpose whatever.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 343.



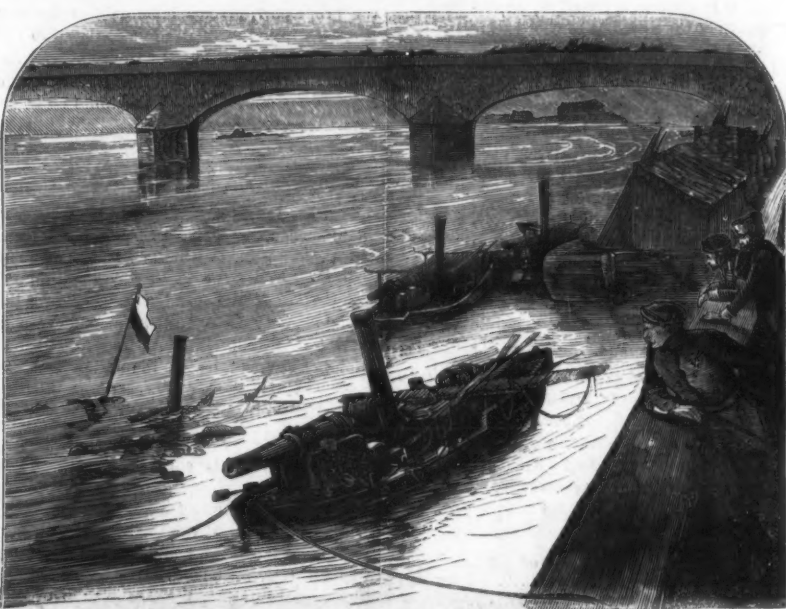
LONDON.—SITE OF THE NEW LAW COURTS—PRESENT ASPECT OF TEMPLE BAR.



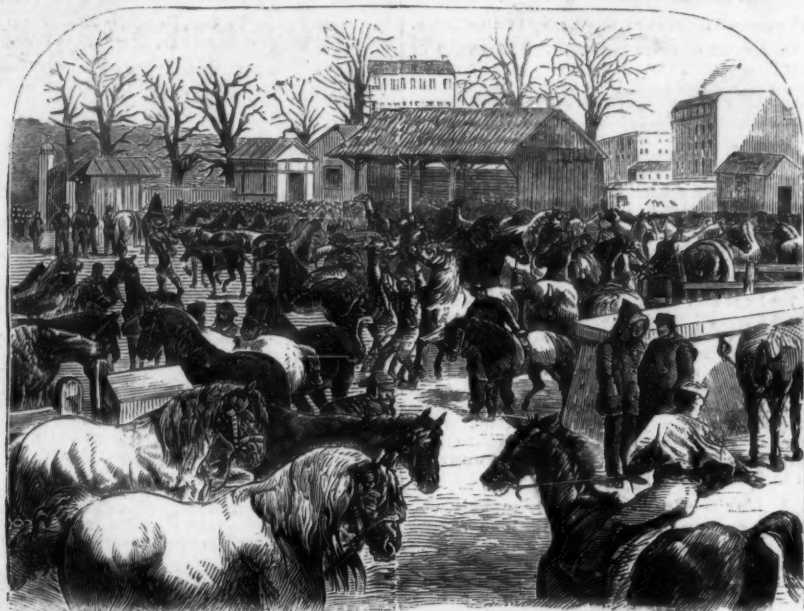
LONDON.—AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS TAKING OBSERVATIONS OF THE ECLIPSE.



FRANCE.—SUFFERINGS OF THE FRENCH ARMY OF THE LOIRE DURING THE RETREAT.



FRANCE.—GUNBOATS OF THE LOIRE CAPTURED AT ORLEANS BY THE PRUSSIAN.



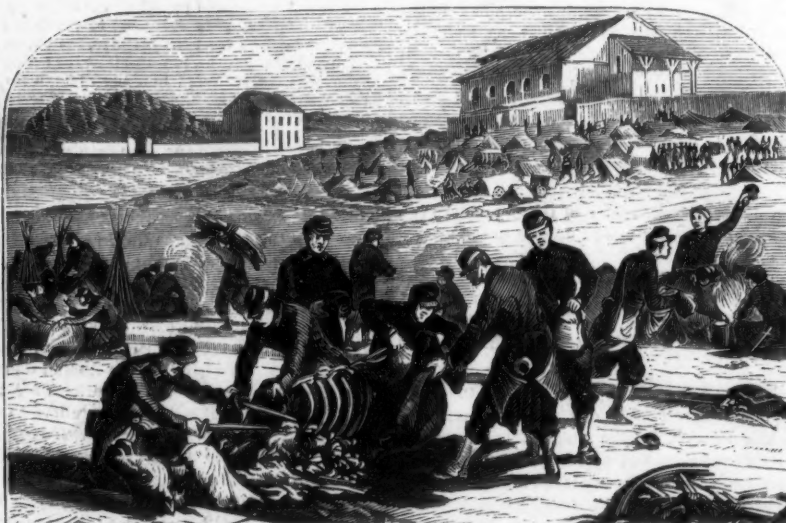
INSIDE PARIS.—VIEW OF THE BUTCHERS' HORSE MARKET, BOULEVARD D'ENFER AND BOULEVARD MONTROUGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY BALLOON POST.



THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE.—KING WILLIAM RECEIVING AN ADDRESS FROM A DEPUTATION OF THE NORTH GERMAN REICHSTAG.



FRANCE.—THE LAST BIVOUAC—ASPECT OF A HILL BETWEEN CHAMFONX AND VILLIERS, ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 5TH, 1870.



INVESTMENT OF PARIS.—DETACHMENTS OF MOBLOTS, AFTER A SORTIE, CUTTING UP A SLAIN HORSE FOR FOOD.



PRUSSIA.—THE LANDWEHRMAN'S CHRISTMAS FURLOUGH.—SEE PAGE 347.

SOME LEGENDS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ILLUSTRATED.

III.

SALEM—(CONCLUDED.)

It is a common error to suppose that the three learned professions lead the people in point of intelligence. On the contrary, trained in grooves not easy to leave, they remain as they were in the beginning, and almost all advance comes from the outside. This was never better exemplified than in the Witchcraft delusion. If the physicians then had possessed either acuteness, skill, or candor, they would have checked the girls in their first spasms; if the ministers had been what they should have been ere daring to undertake the cure of souls, instead of lending countenance to their pretensions and praying over the girls, they would have punished them and made them fear the consequences of their manœuvres; if the lawyers had exercised any quality which a lawyer should possess, they would have sifted their testimony till it blew away in the wind, and would have utterly cast out the evidence of spectres, instead of greedily receiving it and hounding on the poor wretches to their death. When justices, deacons, doctors and gentry hurried to wonder over and sympathize with the young impostors, when their leaders came to be mad, it is no marvel that the people lost their head and followed after. In the faith that the girls were bewitched, and that Satan acted only through human agencies, they clamored to know who it was that had bewitched them; and thus beset, the girls, either at random or because there was no one to befriend her, or at Mr. Parris's half-hinted suggestion, timidly pronounced a name. "Good," they said, "Good"—cheating their consciences, perhaps, by making it only a surname; they had no such timidity by-and-by; and Sarah Good was consequently apprehended. When she was examined, two others had been named, arrested, and were examined with her.

Sarah Good was a poor creature—homeless, destitute, deserted by her husband, with a family of children to support by odds and ends of work, by begging from door to door, and scraping together in any way what little she could. Doubtless she was a nuisance in the neighborhood, as most impetuous and shiftless people are, and her reputation was not satisfactory. Her fate was certain from the onset. The people—who, were full of horror



THE LEGEND OF SALEM:

"THE REV. GEORGE BURROUGHS WAS ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT ON THE EVIDENCE OF FEATS OF STRENGTH, TRIED, HUNG, AND BURIED BENEATH THE GALLOWES."

and of pity for the tortured girls; who had been told by the physicians that they were bewitched; who had seen the ministers oracularly confirm this statement; who had heard Mr. Parris make it the subject of his vehement discourses Sunday after Sunday, while the distemper of the girls alarmed the congregation; who had lately done nothing but look for the guilty author of this diabolism, drew a breath of relief when at last the witch was named; so plausible a person, a vagrant and friendless; and it must be admitted that Sarah Good and Mrs. Osburne—an elderly person, sometimes bedridden, sometimes distracted, who absented herself from meeting—and the slave Tituba, were the best possible selections that the cunning hussies could have made; and the people were satisfied. Mrs. Osburne died in prison nine months afterward; Tituba confessed—as she subsequently averred, under stress of beatings from Mr. Parris—and, lying in jail a year and a month, was finally sold for her fees; but Sarah Good drank her cup, bitter all her life long, to the bitter dregs. The meeting-house was thronged at her examination; she was placed on a platform in full sight of all there; Mr. Parris had excited every one with his impassioned opening prayer; the array of magistrates, marshal and constable were enough to strike awe into her soul at any time, much more when her life was at stake. Acquainted with want, with sorrow and obloquy, her heart had been hardened, and she gave back no mild answers to the catechising. The justices assumed her guilt to be already established, endeavored to make her involve herself, gave leading questions to the witnesses, allowed all manner of abominable interruptions, and browbeat and abused her. When the afflicted children were introduced, at a glance of her eye they straightway fainted and went into spasms, cried out that they were pinched and pricked and throttled, and fell stiff as the dead. Upon being taken to her and touched by her, the color returned to their faces, their limbs relaxed, they immediately became calm and well; so that it seemed to be demonstrated before the eyes of the credulous audience that the malign mischief had been received back again into the witch.

She herself could not tell what to make of it, and never doubted the fact that the girls suffered as they seemed to do; she only declared that it was not she that caused it, and must be the others—which simple exclamation the justices used as a confession of her own guilt, and accusation and evidence against the others. "What is it that you say," asked Hathorne, "when you go muttering away from persons' houses?" "If I must tell, I will tell," she answers. "Do tell us, then," he urges.

"If I must tell, I will tell: it is the Commandments. I may say my Commandments, I hope." "What Commandment is it?" Poor Sarah Good could not for the life of her remember a Commandment. "If I must tell you, I will tell," she says then—"it is a psalm;" and after a time she murmurs some fragment that she has succeeded in recalling. Before long her husband was brought in to testify against her. She was sent to prison—thrice leaping off her horse, railing against the magistrates, and essaying to take her own life—and afterward loaded down with iron fetters and with cords, since it was supposed a witch needed double fastenings, till led out, four months later, to her execution. Meanwhile her child, five years old, was apprehended for a witch; the marks of her little teeth were shown on Ann Putnam's arm; Mercy Lewis and the others produced pins with which she had pricked them; she was committed to prison and loaded with chains like her mother. Outraged, oppressed, and feeling there was no justice in the world unless the Powers that rule it made her word true, when, upon the scaffold, the cruel minister, Nicholas Noyes, told Sarah Good she was a witch, and she knew she was a witch, she turned upon him and cried, "You are a liar! and God shall give you blood to drink!" Twenty-five years afterward, and unrepenting, Nicholas Noyes died of an internal hemorrhage, the vital torrent pouring from his mouth and strangling him with his own blood.

After the first three witches had been proclaimed, the business began in earnest, and the girls "cried out upon" enough to keep the magistrates' hands full; consternation and terror ran like wildfire through the community, which was unlettered and ignorant to a large degree, the learning of the fathers having died with them, and the schools not being yet established; presently everybody was either accused or accusing, there was a witch in every house, the only safety for any was in suspecting a neighbor. If one expressed doubt of the afflicted children, he was marked from that moment. The Rev. Francis Dane suspected them; his family were cried out upon, two of his children and many of his grandchildren being imprisoned, and some sentenced to death. The Rev. John Higginson—of whom it was said, "his very presence puts vice out of countenance, his conversation is a glimpse of heaven"—disbelieved in them; his daughter Anna was committed as a witch. Husbands were made to criminate their wives, children, their parents; when one of the accusing girls fell away, she was herself accused, but knowing what to do, was saved by a confession of impossibilities. Anything was taken for evidence, the nightmares of this one, the drunken fantasies of that, the hysterics of the other, and any careless gossip that never should have been uttered at all. If a prisoner dared use any self-vindication, the vanity and anger of the magistrates were kindled against that one in especial. Hundreds were under arrest; hundreds confessed to what they never did, as the only means to save their lives, though afterward frequently retracting their confessions and going cheerfully to death; the prisons were full, and executions began. The accusations of the afflicted girls mounted by degrees from simple witchcraft and writing in the Black Man's book, with the familiar of a yellow-bird suckling the fingers, to that of a baptism and sacrament of blood administered by the devil himself, and finally to that of fell and terrible murders. Their narratives were all of the same character, their imaginations filthy and limited in flight, and the only assertions in the whole of theirrodomontade of any brilliance was Tituba's reply as to how they went to their place of meeting. "We ride upon sticks, and are there presently," and the description of Mr. Burroughs's trumpet-stone to convene his witches—"a sound that reached over the country far and wide, sending its blasts to Andover, and wakening its echoes along the Merrimack to Cape Ann and the uttermost settlements everywhere." Kindness had no effect upon the girls; when Mrs. Procter, three of whose children their representations had cast into prison, and whom they had torn away from her home, leaving her forlorn "little maid" of four years old to come out and scan the passers-by, in hopes each one might be her father or her mother, her brother or her sister come back—when Mrs. Procter mildly said to one of them, "Dear child, it is not so," and solemnly added, "There is another judgment, dear child," they redoubled their convulsions, and grew so outrageous that John Procter, protecting his wife from their insults, was himself accused and hung. The prisoners, meanwhile, were crowded in such noisome dungeons, that many died and many lost their reason; some also were tortured to procure confession—feet and head bound together till the blood poured from eyes and nose.

The accusations were by no means confined to Salem; Andover, Beverly, Boston, were ransacked to fill them—the girls had tasted blood and were pitiless. A Mrs. Easty was taken from the old Crowningshield Farm in Topsfield (now owned by Mr. Thomas W. Pierce), and brought to court; she was a woman of station and character; even the magistrates were affected by her mien; and though Ann Putnam and others cried, "Oh, Goody Easty, Goody Easty, you are the woman, you are the woman!" she was discharged, having endured several weeks' confinement; but upon that there arose such an uproar among the girls, such fresh fits and tormentings, that, after having enjoyed her home for only two days, she was again arrested by the brutal Marshal Herrick, and presently hung. But even in her last hour this noble woman sent to the Governor a petition in behalf of her fellow-prisoners, yet asking no favor for herself. Mr. Upham describes a scene at the trial of Sarah Cloyse, taken every incident from the record, which perfectly illustrates the callousness of these girls.

"Then Sarah Cloyse asked for water, and sat down, as one seized with a dying fainting-fit; and several of the afflicted fell into fits, and some of them cried out, 'Oh, her spirit has gone to prison to her sister Nurse!'"

"The audacious lying of the witnesses; the horrid monstrosities of their charges against Sarah Cloyse, of having bitten the flesh of the Indian brute, and drank herself and distributed to others as deacon, at an infernal sacrament, the blood of the wicked creatures making these foul and devilish declarations, known by her to be utterly and wickedly false; and the fact that they were believed by the deputy, the council, and the assembly, were more than she could bear. Her soul sickened at such unimaginable depravity and wrong; her nervous system gave way; she fainted and sank to the floor. The manner in which the girls turned the incident against her shows how they were hardened to all human feeling, and the cunning art which, on all occasions, characterized their proceedings. That such an insolent interruption and disturbance, on their part, was permitted without rebuke from the Court, is a perpetual dishonor to every member of it. The scene exhibited at this moment, in the meeting-house, is worthy of an attempt to imagine. The most terrible sensation was naturally produced by the swooning of the prisoner, the loudly uttered and savage mockery of the girls, and their going simultaneously into fits, screaming at the top of their voices, twisting into all possible attitudes, stiffened as in death, or gasping with convulsive spasms of agony, and crying out, at intervals, 'There is the Black Man whispering in Cloyse's ear.' 'There is a yellow-bird flying round her head.' John Indian, on such occasions, used to confine his achievements to tumbling and rolling his ugly body about the floor. The deepest commiseration was felt by all for the 'afflicted,' and men and women rushed to hold and soothe them. There was, no doubt, much loud screaming, and some miscellaneous faintings through the whole crowd. At length, by bringing the sufferers into contact with Goody Cloyse, the diabolical fluid passed back into her, they were all relieved, and the examination was resumed."

In fact, neither age nor condition had any effect upon the prosecutors. Rebecca Jacobs, partially deranged, was snatched from her four young children, one of them an infant, and the others who were able to walk following after her, crying bitterly. Martha Carrier, who the children said had promise from the Black Man of being Queen of Hell, and who had sternly rebuked the magistrates, and declared she had seen no man so black as themselves, was made to hear her children, seven or eight years old, confess themselves witches who had set their hands to the book, testify against her, and procure her death. Rebecca Nurse, past three score and ten, wife of a wealthy citizen, venerated by high and low, was brought to trial in her infirm condition, accused by the girls at the very time when she was praying for them. On the jury's bringing in a verdict of innocence, they were reprimanded by the Chief-Justice, and remanded to confinement till they brought in a verdict of guilty; and though her neighbors made affidavits and petitions in her behalf, she was condemned; after which Mr. Parris, who had long since gotten affairs into his own hands, had intimidated outsiders, and was having everything his own way, prepared one of his most solemn scenes to further excite the people; and Mrs. Nurse, delicate, if not dying as it was, after her shameful trial, her cruel and indecent exposures, was brought into church, covered with chains, and there excommunicated by her old pastor, Nicholas Noyes—the crowd of spectators believing they saw a woman not only lost for this life, but barred out from salvation in the life to come. She was thrown, after death, into a hole beneath the gallows; but her husband and sons recovered her body in the night, brought it home to her weeping daughters, and buried it in her own garden.

With that, the girls, grown bold, had flown at higher game than any, the Rev. George Burroughs, one of Mr. Parris's rivals and predecessors. This person had suffered almost everything in Salem ere leaving it for Casco Bay; he had lost his wife and children there, his salary had not been paid him, and he had even been arrested in his pulpit for the debt of his wife's funeral expenses, which he had previously paid by an order on the church-treasurer. The malignities that he now endured are only explicable by remembering his unpopularity in Salem; he was cast into a black dungeon, accused of witchcraft on the evidence of such feats of strength as holding out a gun by inserting the joint of a finger in the muzzle, and after that accused of the murder of his two wives and of his children, of Mr. Lawson's wife and child, and of various others, covered with all abuses, and finally hung, and buried beneath the gallows, with his chin and foot protruding from the ground. Mr. Upham gives a chapter in his trial too graphically to escape quotation here:

"The examination of Mr. Burroughs presented a spectacle, all things considered, of rare interest and curiosity: the grave dignity of the magistrates; the plain, dark figure of the prisoner; the half-crazed, half-demoniac aspect of the girls; the wild, excited crowd; the horror, rage, and pallid exasperation of Lawson, Goodman Fuller, and others, also of the relatives and friends of Burroughs's two former wives, as the deep damnation of their taking off and the secrets of their bloody graves were being brought to light; and the child on the stand telling her awful tales of ghosts in winding-sheets, with napkins round their heads, pointing to their death-wounds, and saying that 'their blood did cry for vengeance' upon their murderer. The prisoner stands alone: all were raving around him, while he is amazed, astounded at such folly and wrong in others, and humbly sensible of his own unworthiness, bowed down under the mysterious Providence that permitted such things for a season, yet strong

and steadfast in conscious innocence and uprightness."

But though such countless arrests and trials and condemnations were had, and so many executions, the most startling incident among them all was the death of old Giles Corey.

Giles Corey was a man of marked traits, not the least marked of which was an unbending will and a heart that knew no fear. In the course of his long life he had never submitted to a wrong without retaliation, he had suffered no encroachments on his rights, he had cared nothing for the speech of other people, but had always spoken his own mind, let who would stand at the door; he had quarreled with his acquaintance, beaten his servants, sued his neighbors for slander, and, such experience tending toward small self-control, he had been involved in ceaseless litigation, and as often as not had been in the right. Late in life he married, for his third wife, Martha, a woman of intelligence beyond her time, and joined the Church; and he was eighty years old when the Witchcraft excitement began. With his ardent and eager temperament, nothing abated by age, he was immediately interested in the afflicted children, and soon as fanatical as the worst in regard to them. That his wife should laugh at it all, should suppose those God-fearing men, the magistrates, blind, should assert there was no such thing as a witch at all, and when he had seen their agonies with his own eyes, that the afflicted children did but dissemble, and should hide his saddle that he might stay at home, and no longer swell the press that urged the matter on, filled him with amazement and rage; he exclaimed angrily that the devil was in her, and, for all he knew, she might be a witch herself! When his wife was arrested, these words of his were remembered; he was piled in court with artful questions, whose replies must needs be unfavorable to her; two of his sons-in-law testified to his recent disagreement with her, to his bewitched cattle, and other troubles, and he was obliged to give a deposition against her. But he could not be forced to make the deposition amount to anything; and, indignant with him for that contumacy, his wife's accusers became his own, and he was cast into jail for a wizard. Once imprisoned, with leisure to reflect, conscious that he had never used witchcraft in his life, he began to believe that others might be as innocent as he, to be aware of the hallucination to which he had been subject, to see that his wife, by that time sentenced to execution, was a guiltless martyr, to feel his old love and tenderness for her return upon him, to be filled with remorse for his anger with her, for his testimony and deposition, and with his old hot wrath against his two sons-in-laws, whose word had done her to death.

He comprehended the whole situation, that unless he confessed to a lie nothing could save him, that if he were tried he would certainly be condemned, and his property would be confiscated under the attainder. He desired in his extremity some punishment on his two unfaithful sons-in-law, some reward for his two faithful ones. He sent for the necessary instruments and made his will, giving all his large property to his two faithful sons-in-law, and guarding the gift with every careful form of words known to the law. That properly done and witnessed, his resolve was taken. He determined never to be tried. If he was not tried, he could not be condemned; if he was not condemned, this disposition of his property could not be altered. The only way to accomplish this was by refusing to plead either guilty or not guilty. And this he did. When taken into court he maintained a stubborn silence, he refused to open his lips; and till the prisoner answered "guilty" or "not guilty," the trial could not take place. For this, also, there was but one remedy, and old Giles Corey knew it; but his mind was made up; it was the least atonement he could make his wife—to requite the sons that had been loyal to her, and to meet himself a harder fate than he had given her. Perhaps, too, he saw that it needed such a thing to awaken the people, and he was the voluntary sacrifice. He received unflinchingly the sentence of the *Peine forte et dure*, and from that moment never uttered a syllable. This unspeakably dreadful torture condemned one to a dark cell, there, with only a strip of clothing, to be laid upon the floor with an iron weight upon the chest, receiving the alternate fare of three mouthfuls of bread on one day, and on the next three draughts of the nearest stagnant water, till obstinacy yielded or death arrived. In Giles Corey's case—excommunication having been previously pronounced on a self-murderer by the inexorable church-members—the punishment was administered in the outside air, and the weights were of stone; he was strong, in spite of years, the anguish was long; pressed by the burden, his tongue protruded from his mouth, a constable struck it back with his staff, but not a word came with it, and he died unflinchingly, never pleading either guilty or not guilty. With this before unheard-of judicial murder in the Colonies, a universal horror shuddered through the people already surfeited with horrors, and all at once their eyes opened to the enormity of these proceedings. Three days afterward, the last procession of victims, once hooted and insulted as they went, jolted now in silence through the long and tedious ways to the summit of Witch Hill, and, taking their farewell look at the wide panorama of land and sea, the last witches were hanged. It was in vain for Cotton Mather to utter his incendiary eloquence beneath the gallows and endeavor to rekindle the dying fires in the breasts of the sorry and silent people; for Mr. Noyes to exclaim, as the bodies swung off, "What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!" The ministers exhorted, the frantic girls cried out on one and another, and flew at so high a quarry as the wife of the Rev. John Hale, a woman of almost perfect life; and though Mrs. Hale's husband had persecuted others, when the thunderbolt fell on his own roof, he awoke to

his delirium: then the Commoners of Andover instituted suits for slander, and with that the bubble burst, and not another witch was hung. The whole Colony was shaken with remorse, and the reaction from the excitement was like death. The accusing girls came out of their convulsions unregarded; one or two afterward married; the rest, with the exception of Ann Putnam, led openly shameless lives. Seven years afterward, bereft of her father and mother, and with the care of a large family of young brothers and sisters, and a constitution utterly broken down by her career of fits and contortions, Ann Putnam read in the open church a confession of her crimes, partook of the communion, and the tenth year following she died. It is a brief and very strange confession; in it all the sin is laid upon Satan, and so artlessly that one can but give her innocence the benefit of a doubt; and whether the girl was the subject of delusive trances or of wickedness, must remain a mystery until the science of psychology has made further advances than it has done to-day. When the people had fully come to their senses, the jury that had passed verdict on the accused wrote and circulated an avowal of their regret; Judge Sewall rose in his place in the Old South Church in Boston and made a public acknowledgment of his error, and supplication for forgiveness, and every year thereafter kept a day of humiliation and prayer; but Chief-Justice Stoughton remained as infatuated at the last as at the first; and of the ministers who had been active in the vile work, Cotton Mather, Sam. Parris, Nicholas Noyes, there is not a particle of evidence that one of them repented or regretted it. But Salem Village was ruined, its farms were neglected, its roads broken up, its fences scattered, its buildings out of order, industrial pursuits were destroyed, famine came, taxes were due and lands were sold to meet them, whole families moved away, and the place became almost depopulated. One spot there, says the historian, bears marks of the blight to-day—the old meeting-house road. "The Surveyor of Highways ignores it. The old, gray, moss-covered stone walls are dilapidated and thrown out of line. Not a house is on either of its borders, and no gate opens or path leads to any. Neglect and desertion brood over the contiguous ground. On both sides there are the remains of cellars, which declare that once it was lined by a considerable population. Along this road crowds thronged in 1692, for weeks and months, to witness the examinations."

It is a satisfaction to the vindictive reader of the annals of this time to know that Sam. Parris—guilty of divination by his own judgment, since he had plainly used the afflicted children for that purpose—was dismissed from his pastorate, where he had played the part rather of wolf than of shepherd, and finished his days in ignominy and want. While every reader will be glad to know that a good man, Joseph Green, came to soothe the sorrows and bind up the wounds, and destroy as much as might be all memory of wrong and suffering in the place. But though, for a few years, various Legislatures passed small acts of acknowledgment and compensation, yet, wars and other troubles supervening, and possible shame at reopening the past, it so happens that for several of the murdered people the attainder has never been taken off to the present day.

THE HARVEST OF WINTER: ICE-CUTTING ON THE HUDSON.

A BRIGHT and intensely cold morning finds us in the thrifty village of Barrytown, about twenty miles above Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson River. The scenery of the locality is grand at all seasons—the verdure of the summer and russet tinges of the fall, as well as the crystal formations of the winter, render the spot attractive in the extreme to tourists. But we are hardly on an excursion of pleasure—the keen air necessitates clothing too cumbersome for active motions; still, our trip bids fair to be fruitful of interest.

The surface of the broad river is crusted with ice averaging twelve inches in thickness; groups of busy workmen dot this immense field; horses are seen treading slowly before singular-looking apparatus; large buildings, with wide openings reaching from the ground to the roof, line the shore—everything speaks of animation, and we learn that the ice-harvest is being gathered.

The water is too salt to freeze sufficiently thick to be available for summer use below Poughkeepsie, and from that city, for several miles up the river, the gatherers are now working like beavers. The scene before us, in the very heart of the harvesting field, resembles a large page of eccentric silhouettes. The river here is in the neighborhood of a mile and a half in width. We step upon the firm surface, and walk out to the end of

THE ICE CANAL,

nearly a mile from the bank. This channel is run out from shore in a diagonal line, and is about 25 feet wide. At the river terminus is a large opening called a "pond," from which the ice-blocks have been cut. The canal is opened in its present direction to prevent the shelving of detached blocks in an unmanageable mass. On the margin of the "pond" an old canal horse, who by his slow and careful pace shows his long experience in the work, is dragging the ice-plow over the surface. This is not very unlike an ordinary plow; for the solitary, pointed blade are substituted several long, sharp prongs or teeth, which act saw-fashion, and are so adjusted that the ice is cut but half through. The furrows are opened in parallel lines, giving a surface dimension to the blocks of two and a half feet by two feet. As the plow passes over a small area, the men, furnished with long poles terminating in strong iron hooks for the purpose, haul the blocks to the source of the canal, where, after twenty-five or thirty blocks are collected, at

tachments are made, and another patient horse draws the whole to the shore. Men stand along the edge, directing with their hooked poles the course of the pieces until they reach

THE ICE-HOUSES.

These are constructed with every regard for atmospheric changes, and are models of simplicity. The large one shown in our illustration contains six rooms, four of which are 75 x 50 feet in area, and of an altitude sufficient to allow a packing of ice 30 feet high, and an open space of 20 feet for air. The two remaining rooms are 150 x 50 feet in dimension, and the entire building has a capacity of 48,000 tons of ice. The walls of the houses are double, and filled in with saw-dust and tan. At the end of the houses nearest the canal the apparatus for raising the blocks is constructed, extending from the water to the roof. From a distance this looks like two heavy ladders laid upon an inclined plane, each furnished with a pair of hand-rails. At the base of each are two pairs of wheels, over which pass endless chains, stretching to the summit. To these, bars are attached, at a respective distance of six feet, which with the chains form the "apron." On a level with each floor of the building a platform connects the plane and door-sill, on which the blocks are deposited in order to fill each story in succession.

HOISTING THE BLOCKS INTO THE HOUSES.

As the ice accumulates at the base of the plane, the blocks are pushed one by one close to the lower pairs of wheels. Then the off edges are depressed, and as the chains force the bars along, they catch the blocks—like the safety-cars that grasp the passenger trains on the famous Switch-back railroad leading to the summit of Mount Pisgah, at Mauch Chunk, Pa.—and carry them up to the second floor, where the removal of several slats, forming the surface of the plane, allows them to fall on the platform before mentioned. A strong staging is built in the interior of the house, extending to the different rooms, on which the blocks are pushed to the apartment intended for their storage. From this staging an incline extends to the highest layer of ice. As the blocks are deposited on the platform the first is pushed toward the incline in the nearest apartment, the second in the next, and so on—the entire floor filling up evenly.

In order to prevent the blocks crushing against each other, as they slide from the plane, a number of large-headed nails, called "scratches," are driven in it, which greatly diminish their velocity, and render their "shooting" of short range.

When the first story is thoroughly packed, the slats are replaced in the plane, and those by the second platform removed, when the rooms are filled like those below.

Five per cent. of all ice received into the building becomes useless by cracking and scratching. After a layer of blocks is completed, a party of workmen shovel from the surface all the loose pieces and the snow, and throw them out of the building through the high, narrow air passages, shown on its sides.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE SUPPLY FOR SUMMER USE, we find, are still uncertain. Much anxiety is expressed by many of the oldest ice-men in regard to securing a good crop, on account of the recent thaw and severe rain. For many years past fully one-half of the usual crop has been gathered before this date.

On the other hand, the crop is exciting the astonishment of many experienced harvesters, as well by its splendid quality as its great abundance.

As a rule, ice-gatherers are poorly paid. Their work is perilous, exhaustive and difficult, and their compensation seldom exceeds fifty dollars a month.

The majority of the men employed upon the Hudson River, by the many companies operating there, are Canadians, who appear quite at home in their laborious work.

THE FEMININE INVASION OF THE CAPITOL.

HARDLY ever, since Coriolanus was met and conquered by his wife, mother and servant-girls before the walls of Rome, has a more determined attack been made upon "the tyrant" than that of January the 11th, when Miss Victoria C. Woodhull, of Wall street, led her women-at-arms into the committee-room of the House, at Washington.

It was a delegation of ladies belonging to the woman's suffrage interest, who met by appointment with the House Judiciary Committee for the purpose of stating their side of the question, and of sustaining their several memorials by argument. In addition to the members of the committee proper, there were several members of the House present who favor woman suffrage. They were mostly members from the New England States, with the exception of one or two from the Northwest.

Among the warriors present were Miss Victoria C. Woodhull, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Beecher Hooker, Mrs. Pauline Davis, Mrs. Josephine Griffing, Miss Tennie C. Claflin, Miss Kate Stanton, Mrs. Powell, Miss Kate Hutchinson, and Mrs. Ella, wife of the New Hampshire Congressman, with many lesser lights.

Shortly after ten o'clock Miss Victoria C. Woodhull, of New York, opened the ball, at the suggestion of Judge Bingham, the chairman. Miss Woodhull, who is rather a prepossessing woman, laid aside her Alpine hat, pulled out a paper, previously prepared for the occasion, and commenced to read a well-considered address, in which she took far higher ground than has usually been assumed by her coadjutors. Her sex's right of suffrage she claims under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, showing that women possess the right to vote now, without a Sixteenth Amendment.

The Constitution, she avers, makes no distinction of sex; it defines a woman born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, to be a citizen; it recognizes the right of citizens to vote, and declares that the right shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Women, white and black, belong to races, although to different races. A race of people comprises all the people, male and female. The right to vote cannot be denied on account of race. All people included in the term "race" have a right to vote, unless otherwise prohibited.

During the progress of Miss Woodhull's address, Miss Susan B. Anthony, in a black velvet gown, sat behind her, smiling graciously, and marking off elocutionary pauses with a benign finger. At its close, she remarked to the committee that she was very glad Wall street had come down to open the eyes of Congress. Miss Anthony then demanded that the committee should promise a discussion of the matter in the House, and to that effect eulogized Mr. B. F. Butler in a highly poetic manner. "I have always gloried in Butler," she remarked, gazing approvingly at that gentleman, "ever since he said 'contraband.' Mr. Butler, I want you to say 'contraband' for us." Two converts were made among the members of the committee. Mr. B. F. Butler, we need hardly say, was one of them, and the other was Mr. Loughridge, of Indiana. The majority of the committee were not convinced, and refused to take any notice of the ordeal to which they had been subjected; but when the subject was brought to a vote, more than a third of the members were found to favor woman suffrage.

The Judiciary Committee of the Senate refused to hear the delegates, the old Rhadamanthus pretending they had no time to crack jokes with the humorous Anthony, or listen to the wisdom of the learned and judicious Woodhull.

The National Convention of Suffragists then went on to hold some meetings, which had a bewildering effect upon the civic order of Washington city. The lady members, also, borrowing countenance and support from each other, and finding their forces accumulating in victorious proportions, proceeded, between the meetings, to lobby with a ferocity never known before. What was most desperate, the women liked it. They are said to have kept a tally-list of members, who would promise anything to get away, representing almost a majority in Congress in favor of woman suffrage. They expect to carry their point in five years, although they have not yet won sixty Congressmen to their way of thinking.

They sent in cards on an average, numbering, to different Representatives, fifty from each lady. Washington became one grand conversational salon. In nine cases out of ten, says a correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, the lady is pretty, and talks continuously, rolling her eyes upward as if in a trance.

The delegate from Wyoming, elected by the votes of women, could not be found. He attended no meeting of the ladies, and was "not at home;" and is booked for defeat at the polls next election.

THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSIONERS.

AT half-past twelve, on Tuesday, January 17th, the United States steam frigate Tennessee, Captain Temple commander, having on board the Commissioners for Santo Domingo appointed by President Grant, got under way from New York, accompanied by a revenue cutter carrying a party of United States authorities and some invited guests.

While proceeding down the harbor the Commission met and organized. They resolved to proceed directly to San Domingo City, touching at the Bay of Samana only if the captain should think it advisable. Their reason for going to the capital first is to show a proper respect for the authorities of the country.

The gentlemen composing the Board of Commissioners are, Professor Andrew O. White, of Cornell University; the Hon. Benjamin F. Wade, and Dr. Samuel Howe, the Boston philanthropist. Their suite embraces the following persons: Allan A. Burton, secretary; Frederick Douglass, Jr., assistant secretary; Dr. C. C. Payoy, of the Department of Agriculture, botanist, and an assistant from the Cambridge Scientific School; Professor Newcombe, of Cornell University, naturalist; Professor Blake, of the State Department, geologist; Professor Ward, of the University of Rochester, assistant geologist; B. R. Hitt and John P. Foley, stenographers; and Captain Henry Wade, secretary to his father.

The press was represented by General H. V. Boynton, of the New York Associated Press, and the Cincinnati Gazette; Oscar G. Sawyer, of the New York Tribune; Homer J. Ramsdell, of the New York Tribune; C. C. Fulton, of the Baltimore American; Arthur R. Shepherd, of the Washington Republican; and James E. Taylor, artist of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. Besides these, General Franz Sigel, Frederick Douglass, and the Hon. George Geddes, formerly President of the New York State Agricultural Society, and State Engineer, accompanied the Commissioners as invited guests.

The subjects which the Commission are to investigate are indicated in the resolutions of Congress, which direct the Commission to obtain answers to the following questions:

- I. What is the political state and condition of the Dominican Republic?
- II. How many people has it?
- III. Do they desire to be annexed to the United States?
- IV. What is the physical, mental and moral condition of the Dominicans?
- V. What is their condition as to material wealth and industrial capacity?

VI. What are the products and resources of the country, mineral and agricultural?

VII. What are the products of the waters and forests?

VIII. What is the general character of the soil, and what proportion of it is capable of cultivation?

IX. What is the climate and health of the country?

X. What are the bays, harbors and rivers?

XI. What is the meteorological character of Dominica, and is it subject to sudden and convulsive changes like earthquakes and hurricanes?

XII. What is the debt of the Government? Is it a funded and settled, or a floating and indeterminate debt?

XIII. What are its treaties and engagements with other powers?

XIV. What is the extent of the boundary, and how large is the territory?

XV. What part of the territory is covered by grants and concessions, and what are the names of the persons to whom they were given?

XVI. What are the terms and conditions on which the Dominican Government may desire to be annexed to the United States?

When these inquiries are answered by the Commission, the country will know how to decide as to the desirability of acquiring Santo Domingo. Even if the labors of the Commission should not be finished in time for the action of the present Congress, the question can be speedily settled at the March session of the next Congress.

The high moral standing of the Commissioners is a sufficient guarantee for the faithful, unbiased execution of their important duties.

Our illustration pictures a social consultation of the party in the elegant saloon of the Tennessee, while proceeding down the harbor. The Commissioners are liberally supplied with all necessary maps, diagrams, books, and scientific instruments.

PRUSSIA.—THE LANDWEHRMAN'S CHRISTMAS FURLOUGH.

FOR acts of special bravery and meritorious services, the Prussian landwehrmen are frequently granted leave of absence from the army to accompany squads of prisoners and wounded men to the large cities. These favors take the form of furloughs, and have, in many instances, been granted by the King himself.

In our illustration, a soldier, wearing the decoration of the Iron Cross, has been permitted to return to his home for the holiday season. The Christmas-tree sparkles in the light of many candles with dainty trimmings. The aged mother sits by her spinning-wheel, rejoiced to know that at least one of her children from the battle-field can bid her a hearty "Merry Christmas." The young wife rests her hand upon her soldier-husband's shoulder, and listens as he repeats over and over again the sad story of the campaign. Children sport about the room, burnishing old firearms, and mingling their prattlings with the more solemn words of older ones.

But there is another—a sister, young and melancholy—to whom the noise of conversation and congratulations of the season come as mournful pleasures. If he to whom she was betrothed when the tocsin was first sounded could only whisper his "Merry Christmas" in her ear, she, too, would be joyous. Still she looks from the window; everything wears a shade of darkness and chill.

Of a sudden footsteps are heard in the entry, slow and light; then a heavy body leaps up the stairs, three at a jump; the door fails to resist a nervous push; a burly-looking man rushes in, and the lonely one flies to his opened arms, knowing that now, indeed, it is a "Merry Christmas" for all.

MARVELS OF DISCOVERY.

LEPROSY is unfortunately a scourge in Hawaii, and the legislation has found it necessary to pass an act, on the ancient bases, for forming separate hospitals and districts for lepers, and no one is to be allowed to visit them without special leave from the President of the Board of Health.

It appears, from the returns made to the Census Office, that the colored population in 1870, in 1,030 counties, was 1,507,011; in 1860, the colored population in the same counties was 1,441,402. The gain is a little over four and a half per cent.; and, leaving out the Northern States, which are included in the totals, the gain would be less than three per cent.

ACCORDING to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man fifty years of age has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,000 days, was eating 1,500 days, was sick 500 days, etc. He ate 73,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,000 pounds of vegetables, eggs and fish, and drank 7,000 gallons of liquid. This would make a respectable lake of three hundred feet surface, and three deep, on which a small steamboat could navigate.

FISH-CULTURE, which has been so successfully carried on in this State by Mr. Seth Green, of Rochester, is conducted in California. The California and Lake Tahoe Artificial Fish-culture Company has a fish ranch four miles from Truckee, with six ponds, each about one hundred feet square, and containing 2,000 trout three years old, 14,000 two years old, and 110,000 one year old and younger, all born in a hatching-house. The farmers have purchased extensively, and have placed the trout in small ponds on their ranches, where the fish continue to live in a vigorous and healthy condition.

A NEW sequoia, or "big tree," forty feet and four inches in diameter, has been discovered lately near Visalia, in Southern California. This is thicker by seven feet than any other that has yet been found. A section of one of the big trees of California, the sequoia in scientific phrase, is now on exhibition in Cincinnati. It is seventy-six feet in circumference and fourteen feet high; in other words, fourteen feet of the tree was cut off, and, standing on the floor of a hall, it gives one a perfectly clear idea of the enormous size of the tree from which it was taken. The section was cut last year in the Mariposa grove, about two hundred and fifty miles southeast of San Francisco, and far up the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains. It was divided and hauled one hundred and forty miles to Stockton on three wagons by seventeen yoke of cattle.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL has given a banquet in honor of General Sheridan.

THE New Testament revisers have finished the first half of St. Matthew's Gospel.

THE Pope, notwithstanding his years and weight, is still very skillful at billiards.

THE Dean of Ripon is waging war against stained glass windows in the English churches.

HIRAM POWERS, the sculptor, will visit us next summer, for the first time in thirty-three years.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER is in such miserable health that he has relinquished his brush and easel forever.

MANZONI, the illustrious poet of Italy, has reached his eighty-seventh year, and is mentally as vigorous as ever.

MRS. ELLER KEY BLUNT, sister to Philip Barton Key, killed by Siskies, is giving readings at Homburg, Germany.

HAMILTON COLLEGE has, as a new Professor of Chemistry, Prof. A. H. Chester, late of Columbia College, New York city.

THE Pope will be henceforth represented in Germany only by a Nuncio in Berlin. The Nuncio in Munich has been recalled.

GEORGE FAIRBAIN, the family piper of Sir Walter Scott, died in December, and thus finished the list of the Wizard's servants.

VISCOUNT PONSON DU TERRAIL, one of the most popular romancers of France, was killed in one of the battles around Orleans.

THE Catholic youth of England are raising a fund to present to the Pope on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, which will occur in June next.

REV. DR. S. S. SCHMUCKER, of Gettysburg, Pa., has been offered the Chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the State University of Nebraska.

QUEEN VICTORIA has purchased from the city of Halifax the late residence of the Duke of Kent in Nova Scotia, and presented it to the inhabitants for a public park.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER H. B. ROBESON, U.S.N., has sent to the library of Yale College about four hundred Japanese and Chinese coins, many of them of great antiquity.

THE Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of Newark, N. J., who declined the mission to England after his nomination was confirmed, is to be sent to the United States Senate.

DR. R. J. GATLING, the inventor of the celebrated Gatling revolving gun, or "mitrailleuse," has taken up his residence in Hartford, having removed his family from Indiana.

ARCHBISHOP DUPANLOUP is captive to the Germans, who charge that he is a spy in French service, carrying to the French army the information he had drawn from Catholic Bavarian officers.

JOSEPH JOHN, the religious painter, whose "Changed Cross" is the best American chromo, has had his "Beautiful Snow" also chromo-lithographed—the subject taken from Watson's well-known ballad.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's fortune is estimated to be not far from \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000, and to be rapidly increasing. He is evidently desirous of leaving, when he dies, \$2,000 or \$3,000 a piece to his numerous wives.

LELAND's new Breitmann Ballads, called "Hans Breitmann as an Unlaid," are issued by the American publishers, the Petersons. Boucicault has appropriated the name of the hero for a character in his new play.

AN English weekly mentions among the prominent literary men who are or have been spiritualists, Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Disraeli, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and a score of the best known names in Great Britain.

THE unusual celebration—a Pearl Wedding—took place in Bergen, N. J., January 12th. Mr. and Mrs. George Tice were the groomsmen and bride, the former ninety-one years old, the latter eighty-seven. They have fifty-nine living descendants.

MR. GEORGE W. MCCOLLUM, of this city, has promised to endow New Hampshire's proposed State Normal School with \$20,000, if it is located in his native town, Mount Vernon, and to give it \$10,000 for the three years following its establishment.

HIS EXCELLENCY ITO FUGAI HINFSUMI, Assistant Minister of Finance of the Empire of Japan, who is accredited as Commissioner to the Government of the United States, arrived at San Francisco January 17th. His suite numbers twenty-two persons.

BARON GEROLT, the Prussian Minister, has received a lot of silver and gold plate and coins from one of the old German cities, which are supposed to have been left there by one of the Roman generals during an expedition into the old country known as Allemania.

ALLUDING to the recent affliction of President Woolsey, of Yale College, a Boston paper says that some years ago he lost three loved daughters in one week by scarlet fever; since then he has lost a son and another daughter within two days of each other, and now follow the deaths of two more beautiful daughters within three days of each other.

MARIENNE is a very good sort of Roman Catholic Sister, who is peddling a prophesy, among the peasants of France, that the Germans are to be cleared out, horse, foot, and dragons, but Paris must fall first, because of its iniquities in the sight of Heaven. There is a slight pecuniary charge connected with the prophesy, but it is readily paid, the prospect which the money purchases is so pleasant.

ROBERT BUCHANAN has written a poem about the marriage of the Princess Louise as "a veritable star of Hope arising on a dark and melancholy wild." The Marquis does not consider himself a melancholy wild, and is appropriately disgusted. By-the-way, they have a story in England about Louise's falling in love with her sister's tutor, and this soft young marquis being raked up as a substitute, in a violent hurry, by the ancient mother.

A NEW YORK social scandal of the saddest character has been most unfortunately allowed to transpire. Calvin R. Cross, about Thanksgiving Day, married at St. Thomas's a young lady of New Hamburg, N. Y. He meanwhile had a wife and boy living at a respectable hotel. A short time since he disappeared, leaving his legitimate wife destitute, and his second, who is an heiress, alone. The reporters have been let loose on the track of this affair, and find that Cross was a popular and fashionable young man, under thirty years of age, spending \$10,000 per annum while his salary at the Central National Bank was \$2,000; they have also counted the pantaloons left in his apartment, discovered that the first Mrs. Cross had formerly been indiscreet, so as to render a marriage necessary, that the second Mrs. Cross was the seventh lady he had been affianced to, and other matters equally pertinent to the business and improving to the public mind.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 343.



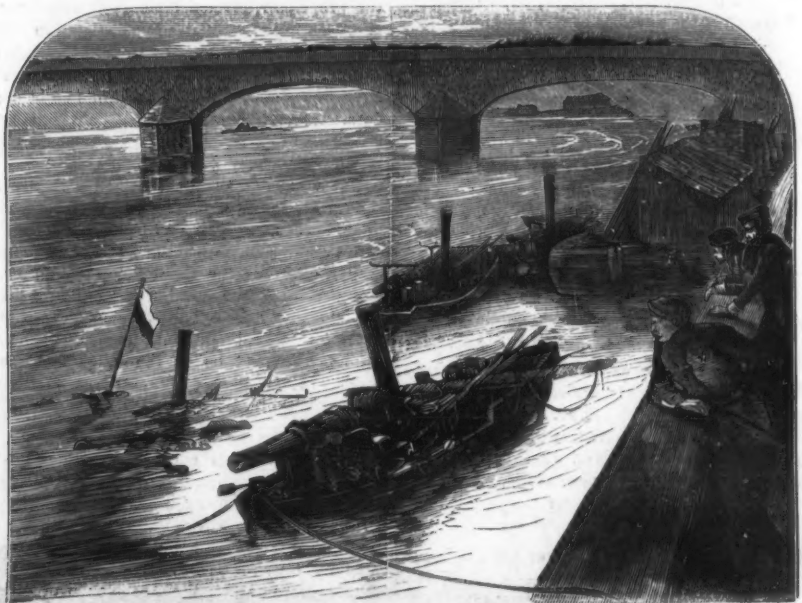
LONDON.—SITE OF THE NEW LAW COURTS—PRESENT ASPECT OF TEMPLE BAR.



LONDON.—AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS TAKING OBSERVATIONS OF THE ECLIPSE.



FRANCE.—SUFFERINGS OF THE FRENCH ARMY OF THE LOIRE DURING THE RETREAT.



FRANCE.—GUNBOATS OF THE LOIRE CAPTURED AT ORLEANS BY THE PRUSSIAN.



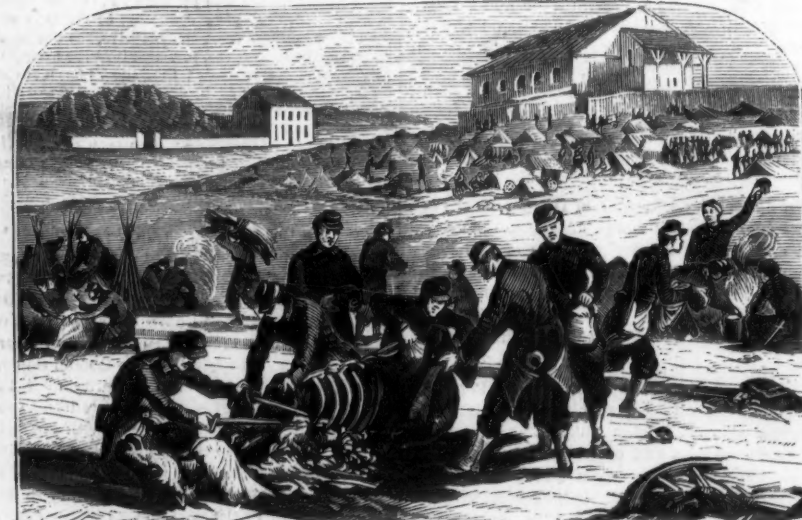
INSIDE PARIS.—VIEW OF THE BUTCHERS' HORSE MARKET, BOULEVARD D'ENFER AND BOULEVARD MONTROUGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY BALLOON POST.



THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE.—KING WILLIAM RECEIVING AN ADDRESS FROM A DEPUTATION OF THE NORTH GERMAN REICHSTAG.



FRANCE.—THE LAST BIVOUC—ASPECT OF A HILL BETWEEN CHAMPIGNY AND VILLIERS, ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 5TH, 1870.



INVESTMENT OF PARIS.—DETACHMENTS OF MOBLOTS, AFTER A SORTIE, CUTTING UP A SLAIN HORSE FOR FOOD.



PRUSSIA.—THE LANDWEHRMAN'S CHRISTMAS FURLOUGH.—SEE PAGE 347.

SOME LEGENDS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ILLUSTRATED.

III.

SALEM—(CONCLUDED.)

It is a common error to suppose that the three learned professions lead the people in point of intelligence. On the contrary, trained in grooves not easy to leave, they remain as they were in the beginning, and almost all advance comes from the outside. This was never better exemplified than in the Witchcraft delusion. If the physicians then had possessed either acuteness, skill, or candor, they would have checked the girls in their first spasms; if the ministers had been what they should have been ere daring to undertake the cure of souls, instead of lending countenance to their pretensions and praying over the girls, they would have punished them and made them fear the consequences of their manoeuvres; if the lawyers had exercised any quality which a lawyer should possess, they would have sifted their testimony till it blew away in the wind, and would have utterly cast out the evidence of spectres, instead of greedily receiving it and hounding on the poor wretches to their death. When justices, deacons, doctors and gentry hurried to wonder over and sympathize with the young impostors, when their leaders came to be mad, it is no marvel that the people lost their head and followed after. In the faith that the girls were bewitched, and that Satan acted only through human agencies, they clamored to know who it was that had bewitched them; and thus beset, the girls, either at random or because there was no one to befriend her, or at Mr. Parris's half-hinted suggestion, timidly pronounced a name. "Good," they said, "Good"—cheating their consciences, perhaps, by making it only a surname; they had no such timidity by-and-by; and Sarah Good was consequently apprehended. When she was examined, two others had been named, arrested, and were examined with her.

Sarah Good was a poor creature—homeless, destitute, deserted by her husband, with a family of children to support by odds and ends of work, by begging from door to door, and scraping together in any way what little she could. Doubtless she was a nuisance in the neighborhood, as most impecunious and shiftless people are, and her reputation was not satisfactory. Her fate was certain from the onset. The people—who were full of horror



THE LEGEND OF SALEM:

"THE REV. GEORGE BURBOUGHS WAS ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT ON THE EVIDENCE OF FEATS OF STRENGTH, TRIED, HUNG, AND BURIED BENEATH THE GALLOWES."

and of pity for the tortured girls; who had been told by the physicians that they were bewitched; who had seen the ministers oracularly confirm this statement; who had heard Mr. Parris make it the subject of his vehement discourses Sunday after Sunday, while the distemper of the girls alarmed the congregation; who had lately done nothing but look for the guilty author of this diabolism, drew a breath of relief when at last the witch was named; so plausible a person, a vagrant and friendless; and it must be admitted that Sarah Good and Mrs. Osburne—an elderly person, sometimes bed-ridden, sometimes distracted, who absented herself from meeting—and the slave Tituba, were the best possible selections that the cunning hussies could have made; and the people were satisfied. Mrs. Osburne died in prison nine months afterward; Tituba confessed—as she subsequently averred, under stress of beatings from Mr. Parris—and, lying in jail a year and a month, was finally sold for her fees; but Sarah Good drank her cup, bitter all her life long, to the bitter dregs. The meeting-house was thronged at her examination; she was placed on a platform in full sight of all there; Mr. Parris had excited every one with his impassioned opening prayer; the array of magistrates, marshal and constable were enough to strike awe into her soul at any time, much more when her life was at stake. Acquainted with want, with sorrow and obloquy, her heart had been hardened, and she gave back no mild answers to the catechising. The justices assumed her guilt to be already established, endeavored to make her involve herself, gave leading questions to the witnesses, allowed all manner of abominable interruptions, and browbeat and abused her. When the afflicted children were introduced, at a glance of her eye they straightway fainted and went into spasms, cried out that they were pinched and pricked and throttled, and fell stiff as the dead. Upon being taken to her and touched by her, the color returned to their faces, their limbs relaxed, they immediately became calm and well; so that it seemed to be demonstrated before the eyes of the credulous audience that the malign miasm had been received back again into the witch.

She herself could not tell what to make of it, and never doubted the fact that the girls suffered as they seemed to do; she only declared that it was not she that caused it, and must be the others—which simple exclamation the justices used as a confession of her own guilt, and accusation and evidence against the others. "What is it that you say," asked Hathorne, "when you go muttering away from persons' houses?" "If I must tell, I will tell," she answers. "Do tell us, then," he urges.

"If I must tell, I will tell: it is the Commandments. I may say my Commandments, I hope." "What Commandment is it?" Poor Sarah Good could not for the life of her remember a Commandment. "If I must tell you, I will tell," she says then—"it is a psalm;" and after a time she murmurs some fragment that she has succeeded in recalling. Before long her husband was brought in to testify against her. She was sent to prison—thrice leaping off her horse, railing against the magistrates, and essaying to take her own life—and afterward loaded down with iron fetters and with cords, since it was supposed a witch needed double fastenings, till led out, four months later, to her execution. Meanwhile her child, five years old, was apprehended for a witch; the marks of her little teeth were shown on Ann Putnam's arm; Mercy Lewis and the others produced pins with which she had pricked them; she was committed to prison and loaded with chains like her mother. Outraged, oppressed, and feeling there was no justice in the world unless the Powers that rule it made her word true, when, upon the scaffold, the cruel minister, Nicholas Noyes, told Sarah Good she was a witch, and she knew she was a witch, she turned upon him and cried, "You are a liar! and God shall give you blood to drink!" Twenty-five years afterward, and unrepenting, Nicholas Noyes died of an internal hemorrhage, the vital torrent pouring from his mouth and strangling him with his own blood.

After the first three witches had been proclaimed, the business began in earnest, and the girls "cried out upon" enough to keep the magistrates' hands full; consternation and terror ran like wildfire through the community, which was unlettered and ignorant to a large degree, the learning of the fathers having died with them, and the schools not being yet established; presently everybody was either accused or accusing, there was a witch in every house, the only safety for any was in suspecting a neighbor. If one expressed doubt of the afflicted children, he was marked from that moment. The Rev. Francis Dane suspected them; his family were cried out upon, two of his children and many of his grandchildren being imprisoned, and some sentenced to death. The Rev. John Higginson—of whom it was said, "his very presence puts vice out of countenance, his conversation is a glimpse of heaven"—disbelieved in them; his daughter Anna was committed as a witch. Husbands were made to criminate their wives, children, their parents; when one of the accusing girls fell away, she was herself accused, but knowing what to do, was saved by a confession of impossibilities. Anything was taken for evidence, the nightmares of this one, the drunken fantasies of that, the hysterics of the other, and any careless gossip that never should have been uttered at all. If a prisoner dared use any self-vindication, the vanity and anger of the magistrates were kindled against that one in especial. Hundreds were under arrest; hundreds confessed to what they never did, as the only means to save their lives, though afterward frequently retracting their confessions and going cheerfully to death; the prisons were full, and executions began. The accusations of the afflicted girls mounted by degrees from simple witchcraft and writing in the Black Man's book, with the familiar of a yellow-bird suckling the fingers, to that of a baptism and sacrament of blood administered by the devil himself, and finally to that of fell and terrible murders. Their narratives were all of the same character, their imaginations filthy and limited in flight, and the only assertions in the whole of theirrodomontade of any brilliance was Tituba's reply as to how they went to their place of meeting. "We ride upon sticks, and are there presently," and the description of Mr. Burroughs's trumpet-stone to convene his witches—"a sound that reached over the country far and wide, sending its blasts to Andover, and wakening its echoes along the Merrimack to Cape Ann and the uttermost settlements everywhere." Kindness had no effect upon the girls; when Mrs. Procter, three of whose children their representations had cast into prison, and whom they had torn away from her home, leaving her forlorn "little maid" of four years old to come out and scan the passers-by, in hopes each one might be her father or her mother, her brother or her sister come back—when Mrs. Procter mildly said to one of them, "Dear child, it is not so," and solemnly added, "There is another judgment, dear child," they redoubled their convulsions, and grew so outrageous that John Procter, protecting his wife from their insults, was himself accused and hung. The prisoners, meanwhile, were crowded in such noisome dungeons, that many died and many lost their reason; some also were tortured to procure confession—feet and head bound together till the blood poured from eyes and nose.

The accusations were by no means confined to Salem; Andover, Beverly, Boston, were ransacked to fill them—the girls had tasted blood and were pitiless. A Mrs. Easty was taken from the old Crowningshield Farm in Topsfield (now owned by Mr. Thomas W. Pierce), and brought to court; she was a woman of station and character; even the magistrates were affected by her mien; and though Ann Putnam and others cried, "Oh, Goody Easty, Goody Easty, you are the woman, you are the woman!" she was discharged, having endured several weeks' confinement; but upon that there arose such an uproar among the girls, such fresh fits and tormentings, that, after having enjoyed her home for only two days, she was again arrested by the brutal Marshal Herrick, and presently hung. But even in her last hour this noble woman sent to the Governor a petition in behalf of her fellow-prisoners, yet asking no favor for herself. Mr. Upham describes a scene at the trial of Sarah Cloyse, taken every incident from the record, which perfectly illustrates the callousness of these girls.

"Then Sarah Cloyse asked for water, and sat down, as one seized with a dying fainting-fit; and several of the afflicted fell into fits, and some of them cried out, 'Oh, her spirit has gone to prison to her sister Nurse!'"

"The audacious lying of the witnesses; the horrid monstrousness of their charges against Sarah Cloyse, of having bitten the flesh of the Indian brute, and drank herself and distributed to others as deacon, at an infernal sacrament, the blood of the wicked creatures making these foul and devilish declarations, known by her to be utterly and wickedly false; and the fact that they were believed by the deputy, the council, and the assembly, were more than she could bear. Her soul sickened at such unimaginable depravity and wrong; her nervous system gave way; she fainted and sank to the floor. The manner in which the girls turned the incident against her shows how they were hardened to all human feeling, and the cunning art which, on all occasions, characterized their proceedings. That such an insolent interruption and disturbance, on their part, was permitted without rebuke from the Court, is a perpetual dishonor to every member of it. The scene exhibited at this moment, in the meeting-house, is worthy of an attempt to imagine. The most terrible sensation was naturally produced by the swooning of the prisoner, the loudly uttered and savage mockery of the girls, and their going simultaneously into fits, screaming at the top of their voices, twisting into all possible attitudes, stiffened as in death, or gasping with convulsive spasms of agony, and crying out, at intervals, 'There is the Black Man whispering in Cloyse's ear.' 'There is a yellow-bird flying round her head.' John Indian, on such occasions, used to confine his achievements to tumbling and rolling his ugly body about the floor. The deepest commiseration was felt by all for the 'afflicted,' and men and women rushed to hold and soothe them. There was, no doubt, much loud screeching, and some miscellaneous faintings through the whole crowd. At length, by bringing the sufferers into contact with Goody Cloyse, the diabolical fluid passed back into her, they were all relieved, and the examination was resumed."

In fact, neither age nor condition had any effect upon the prosecutors. Rebecca Jacobs, partially deranged, was snatched from her four young children, one of them an infant, and the others who were able to walk following after her, crying bitterly. Martha Carrier, who the children said had promise from the Black Man of being Queen of Hell, and who had sternly rebuked the magistrates, and declared she had seen no man so black as themselves, was made to hear her children, seven or eight years old, confess themselves witches who had set their hands to the book, testify against her, and procure her death. Rebecca Nurse, past three score and ten, wife of a wealthy citizen, venerated by high and low, was brought to trial in her infirm condition, accused by the girls at the very time when she was praying for them. On the jury's bringing in a verdict of innocence, they were reprimanded by the Chief-Justice, and remanded to confinement till they brought in a verdict of guilty; and though her neighbors made affidavits and petitions in her behalf, she was condemned; after which Mr. Parris, who had long since gotten affairs into his own hands, had intimidated outsiders, and was having everything his own way, prepared one of his most solemn scenes to further excite the people; and Mrs. Nurse, delicate, if not dying as it was, after her shameful trial, her cruel and indecent exposures, was brought into church, covered with chains, and there excommunicated by her old pastor, Nicholas Noyes—the crowd of spectators believing they saw a woman not only lost for this life, but barred out from salvation in the life to come. She was thrown, after death, into a hole beneath the gallows; but her husband and sons recovered her body in the night, brought it home to her weeping daughters, and buried it in her own garden.

With that, the girls, grown bold, had flown at higher game than any, the Rev. George Burroughs, one of Mr. Parris's rivals and predecessors. This person had suffered almost everything in Salem ere leaving it for Casco Bay; he had lost his wife and children there, his salary had not been paid him, and he had even been arrested in his pulpit for the debt of his wife's funeral expenses, which he had previously paid by an order on the church-treasurer. The malignities that he now endured are only explicable by remembering his unpopularity in Salem; he was cast into a black dungeon, accused of witchcraft on the evidence of such feats of strength as holding out a gun by inserting the joint of a finger in the muzzle, and after that accused of the murder of his two wives and of his children, of Mr. Lawson's wife and child, and of various others, covered with all abuses, and finally hung, and buried beneath the gallows, with his chin and foot protruding from the ground. Mr. Upham gives a chapter in his trial too graphically to escape quotation here:

"The examination of Mr. Burroughs presented a spectacle, all things considered, of rare interest and curiosity: the grave dignity of the magistrates; the plain, dark figure of the prisoner; the half-crazed, half-demoniac aspect of the girls; the wild, excited crowd; the horror, rage, and pallid exasperation of Lawson, Goodman Fuller, and others, also of the relatives and friends of Burroughs's two former wives, as the deep damnation of their taking off and the secrets of their bloody graves were being brought to light; and the child on the stand telling her awful tales of ghosts in winding-sheets, with napkins round their heads, pointing to their death-wounds, and saying that 'their blood did cry for vengeance' upon their murderer. The prisoner stands alone: all were raving around him, while he is amazed, astounded at such folly and wrong in others, and humbly sensible of his own unworthiness, bowed down under the mysterious Providence that permitted such things for a season, yet strong

and steadfast in conscious innocence and uprightness."

But though such countless arrests and trials and condemnations were had, and so many executions, the most startling incident among them all was the death of old Giles Corey.

Giles Corey was a man of marked traits, not the least marked of which was an unbending will and a heart that knew no fear. In the course of his long life he had never submitted to a wrong without retaliation, he had suffered no encroachments on his rights, he had cared nothing for the speech of other people, but had always spoken his own mind, let who would stand at the door; he had quarreled with his acquaintance, beaten his servants, sued his neighbors for slander, and, such experience tending toward small self-control, he had been involved in ceaseless litigation, and as often as not had been in the right. Late in life he married, for his third wife, Martha, a woman of intelligence beyond her time, and joined the Church; and he was eighty years old when the Witchcraft excitement began. With his ardent and eager temperament, nothing abated by age, he was immediately interested in the afflicted children, and soon as fanatical as the worst in regard to them. That his wife should laugh at it all, should suppose those God-fearing men, the magistrates, blind, should assert there was no such thing as a witch at all, and when he had seen their agonies with his own eyes, that the afflicted children did but dissemble, and should hide his saddle that he might stay at home, and no longer swell the press that urged the matter on, filled him with amazement and rage; he exclaimed angrily that the devil was in her, and, for all he knew, she might be a witch herself! When his wife was arrested, these words of his were remembered; he was plied in court with artful questions, whose replies must needs be unfavorable to her; two of his sons-in-law testified to his recent disagreement with her, to his bewitched cattle, and other troubles, and he was obliged to give a deposition against her. But he could not be forced to make the deposition amount to anything; and, indignant with him for that contumacy, his wife's accusers became his own, and he was cast into jail for a wizard. Once imprisoned, with leisure to reflect, conscious that he had never used witchcraft in his life, he began to believe that others might be as innocent as he, to be aware of the hallucination to which he had been subject, to see that his wife, by that time sentenced to execution, was a guiltless martyr, to feel his old love and tenderness for her return upon him, to be filled with remorse for his anger with her, for his testimony and deposition, and with his old hot wrath against his two sons-in-laws, whose word had done her to death.

He comprehended the whole situation, that unless he confessed to a lie nothing could save him, that if he were tried he would certainly be condemned, and his property would be confiscated under the attainder. He desired in his extremity some punishment on his two unfaithful sons-in-law, some reward for his two faithful ones. He sent for the necessary instruments and made his will, giving all his large property to his two faithful sons-in-law, and guarding the gift with every careful form of words known to the law. That properly done and witnessed, his resolve was taken. He determined never to be tried. If he was not tried, he could not be condemned; if he was not condemned, this disposition of his property could not be altered. The only way to accomplish this was by refusing to plead either guilty or not guilty. And this he did. When taken into court he maintained a stubborn silence, he refused to open his lips; and till the prisoner answered "guilty" or "not guilty," the trial could not take place. For this, also, there was but one remedy, and old Giles Corey knew it; but his mind was made up; it was the least atonement he could make his wife—to requite the sons that had been loyal to her, and to meet himself a harder fate than he had given her. Perhaps, too, he saw that it needed such a thing to awaken the people, and he was the voluntary sacrifice. He received unflinchingly the sentence of the *Peine forte et dure*, and from that moment never uttered a syllable. This unspeakably dreadful torture condemned one to a dark cell, there, with only a strip of clothing, to be laid upon the floor with an iron weight upon the chest, receiving the alternate fare of three mouthfuls of bread on one day, and on the next three draughts of the nearest stagnant water, till obstinacy yielded or death arrived. In Giles Corey's case—excommunication having been previously pronounced on a self-murderer by the inexorable church-members—the punishment was administered in the outside air, and the weights were of stone; he was strong, in spite of years; the anguish was long; pressed by the burden, his tongue protruded from his mouth, a constable struck it back with his staff, but not a word came with it, and he died unflinchingly, never pleading either guilty or not guilty. With this before unheard-of judicial murder in the Colonies, a universal horror shuddered through the people already surfeited with horrors, and all at once their eyes opened to the enormity of these proceedings. Three days afterward, the last procession of victims, once hooted and insulted as they went, joined now in silence through the long and tedious ways to the summit of Witch Hill, and, taking their farewell look at the wide panorama of land and sea, the last witches were hanged. It was in vain for Cotton Mather to utter his incendiary eloquence beneath the gallows and endeavor to rekindle the dying fires in the breasts of the sorry and silent people; for Mr. Noyes to exclaim, as the bodies swung off, "What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!" The ministers exhorted, the frantic girls cried out on one and another, and flew at so high a quarry as the wife of the Rev. John Hale, a woman of almost perfect life; and though Mrs. Hale's husband had persecuted others, when the thunderbolt fell on his own roof, he awoke to

his delirium: then the Commoners of Andover instituted suits for slander, and with that the bubble burst, and not another witch was hung. The whole Colony was shaken with remorse, and the reaction from the excitement was like death. The accusing girls came out of their convulsions unregarded; one or two afterward married; the rest, with the exception of Ann Putnam, led openly shameless lives. Seven years afterward, bereft of her father and mother, and with the care of a large family of young brothers and sisters, and a constitution utterly broken down by her career of fits and contortions, Ann Putnam read in the open church a confession of her crimes, partook of the communion, and the tenth year following she died. It is a brief and very strange confession; in it all the sin is laid upon Satan, and so artlessly that one can but give her innocence the benefit of a doubt; and whether the girl was the subject of delusive trances or of wickedness, must remain a mystery until the science of psychology has made further advances than it has done to-day. When the people had fully come to their senses, the jury that had passed verdict on the accused wrote and circulated an avowal of their regret; Judge Sewall rose in his place in the Old South Church in Boston and made a public acknowledgment of his error, and supplication for forgiveness, and every year thereafter kept a day of humiliation and prayer; but Chief-Justice Stoughton remained as infatuated at the last as at the first; and of the ministers who had been active in the vile work, Cotton Mather, Sam. Parris, Nicholas Noyes, there is not a particle of evidence that one of them repented or regretted it. But Salem Village was ruined, its farms were neglected, its roads broken up, its fences scattered, its buildings out of order, industrial pursuits were destroyed, famine came, taxes were due and lands were sold to meet them, whole families moved away, and the place became almost depopulated. One spot there, says the historian, bears marks of the blight to-day—the old meeting-house road. "The Surveyor of Highways ignores it. The old, gray, moss-covered stone walls are dilapidated and thrown out of line. Not a house is on either of its borders, and no gate opens or path leads to any. Neglect and desertion brood over the contiguous ground. On both sides there are the remains of cellars, which declare that once it was lined by a considerable population. Along this road crowds thronged in 1692, for weeks and months, to witness the examinations."

It is a satisfaction to the vindictive reader of the annals of this time to know that Sam. Parris—guilty of divination by his own judgment, since he had plainly used the afflicted children for that purpose—was dismissed from his pastorate, where he had played the part rather of wolf than of shepherd, and finished his days in ignominy and want. While every reader will be glad to know that a good man, Joseph Green, came to soothe the sorrows and bind up the wounds, and destroy as much as might be all memory of wrong and suffering in the place. But though, for a few years, various Legislatures passed small acts of acknowledgment and compensation, yet, wars and other troubles supervening, and possible shame at reopening the past, it so happens that for several of the murdered people the attainder has never been taken off to the present day.

THE HARVEST OF WINTER: ICE-CUTTING ON THE HUDSON.

A BRIGHT and intensely cold morning finds us in the thrifty village of Barrytown, about twenty miles above Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson River. The scenery of the locality is grand at all seasons—the verdure of the summer and russet tinges of the fall, as well as the crystal formations of the winter, render the spot attractive in the extreme to tourists. But we are hardly on an excursion of pleasure—the keen air necessitates clothing too cumbersome for active motions; still, our trip bids fair to be fruitful of interest.

The surface of the broad river is crusted with ice averaging twelve inches in thickness; groups of busy workmen dot this immense field; horses are seen treading slowly before singular-looking apparatus; large buildings, with wide openings reaching from the ground to the roof, line the shore—everything speaks of animation, and we learn that the ice-harvest is being gathered.

The water is too salt to freeze sufficiently thick to be available for summer use below Poughkeepsie, and from that city, for several miles up the river, the gatherers are now working like beavers. The scene before us, in the very heart of the harvesting field, resembles a large page of eccentric silhouettes. The river here is in the neighborhood of a mile and a half in width. We step upon the firm surface, and walk out to the end of

THE ICE CANAL.

nearly a mile from the bank. This channel is run out from shore in a diagonal line, and is about 25 feet wide. At the river terminus is a large opening called a "pond," from which the ice-blocks have been cut. The canal is opened in its present direction to prevent the shelving of detached blocks in an unmanageable mass. On the margin of the "pond" an old canal horse, who by his slow and careful pace shows his long experience in the work, is dragging the ice-plow over the surface. This is not very unlike an ordinary plow; for the solitary, pointed blade are substituted several long, sharp prongs or teeth, which act saw-fashion, and are so adjusted that the ice is cut but half through. The furrows are opened in parallel lines, giving a surface dimension to the blocks of two and a half feet by two feet. As the plow passes over a small area, the men, furnished with long poles terminating in strong iron hooks for the purpose, haul the blocks to the source of the canal, where, after twenty-five or thirty blocks are collected, at-

tachments are made, and another patient horse draws the whole to the shore. Men stand along the edge, directing with their hooked poles the course of the pieces until they reach the ice-houses.

These are constructed with every regard for atmospheric changes, and are models of simplicity. The large one shown in our illustration contains six rooms, four of which are 75 x 50 feet in area, and of an altitude sufficient to allow a packing of ice 30 feet high, and an open space of 20 feet for air. The two remaining rooms are 150 x 50 feet in dimension, and the entire building has a capacity of 48,000 tons of ice. The walls of the houses are double, and filled in with saw-dust and tan. At the end of the houses nearest the canal the apparatus for raising the blocks is constructed, extending from the water to the roof. From a distance this looks like two heavy ladders laid upon an inclined plane, each furnished with a pair of hand-rails. At the base of each are two pairs of wheels, over which pass endless chains, stretching to the summit. To these, bars are attached, at a respective distance of six feet, which with the chains form the "apron." On a level with each floor of the building a platform connects the plane and door-sill, on which the blocks are deposited in order to fill each story in succession.

HOISTING THE BLOCKS INTO THE HOUSES.

As the ice accumulates at the base of the plane, the blocks are pushed one by one close to the lower pairs of wheels. Then the off edges are depressed, and as the chains force the bars along, they catch the blocks—like the safety-cars that grasp the passenger trains on the famous Switch-back railroad leading to the summit of Mount Pisgah, at Mauch Chunk, Pa.—and carry them up to the second floor, where the removal of several slats, forming the surface of the plane, allows them to fall on the platform before mentioned. A strong staging is built in the interior of the house, extending to the different rooms, on which the blocks are pushed to the apartment intended for their storage. From this staging an incline extends to the highest layer of ice. As the blocks are deposited on the platform the first is pushed toward the incline in the nearest apartment, the second in the next, and so on—the entire floor filling up evenly.

In order to prevent the blocks crushing against each other, as they slide from the plane, a number of large-headed nails, called "scratches," are driven in it, which greatly diminish their velocity, and render their "shooting" of short range.

When the first story is thoroughly packed, the slats are replaced in the plane, and those by the second platform removed, when the rooms are filled like those below.

Five per cent. of all ice received into the building becomes useless by cracking and scratching. After a layer of blocks is completed, a party of workmen shovel from the surface all the loose pieces and the snow, and throw them out of the building through the high, narrow air passages, shown on its sides.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE SUPPLY FOR SUMMER USE, we find, are still uncertain. Much anxiety is expressed by many of the oldest ice-men in regard to securing a good crop, on account of the recent thaw and severe rain. For many years past fully one-half of the usual crop has been gathered before this date.

On the other hand, the crop is exciting the astonishment of many experienced harvesters, as well by its splendid quality as its great abundance.

As a rule, ice-gatherers are poorly paid. Their work is perilous, exhaustive and difficult, and their compensation seldom exceeds fifty dollars a month.

The majority of the men employed upon the Hudson River, by the many companies operating there, are Canadians, who appear quite at home in their laborious work.

THE FEMININE INVASION OF THE CAPITOL.

HARDLY ever, since Coriolanus was met and conquered by his wife, mother and servant-girls before the walls of Rome, has a more determined attack been made upon "the tyrant" than that of January the 11th, when Miss Victoria C. Woodhull, of Wall street, led her women-at-arms into the committee-room of the House, at Washington.

It was a delegation of ladies belonging to the woman's suffrage interest, who met by appointment with the House Judiciary Committee for the purpose of stating their side of the question, and of sustaining their several memorials by argument. In addition to the members of the committee proper, there were several members of the House present who favor woman suffrage. They were mostly members from the New England States, with the exception of one or two from the Northwest.

Among the warriors present were Miss Victoria C. Woodhull, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Beecher Hooker, Mrs. Pauline Davis, Mrs. Josephine Griffing, Miss Jennie C. Claflin, Miss Kate Stanton, Mrs. Powell, Miss Kate Hutchinson, and Mrs. Ela, wife of the New Hampshire Congressman, with many lesser lights.

Shortly after ten o'clock Miss Victoria C. Woodhull, of New York, opened the ball, at the suggestion of Judge Bingham, the chairman. Miss Woodhull, who is rather a prepossessing woman, laid aside her Alpine hat, pulled out a paper, previously prepared for the occasion, and commenced to read a well-considered address, in which she took far higher ground than has usually been assumed by her coadjutors. Her sex's right of suffrage she claims under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, showing that women possess the right to vote now, without a Sixteenth Amendment.

The Constitution, she avers, makes no distinction of sex; it defines a woman born or naturalized in the United States, or by any State, on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Women, white and black, belong to races, although to different races. A race of people comprises all the people, male and female. The right to vote cannot be denied on account of race. All people included in the term "race" have a right to vote, unless otherwise prohibited.

During the progress of Miss Woodhull's address, Miss Susan B. Anthony, in a black velvet gown, sat behind her, smiling graciously, and marking off elocutionary pauses with a benign finger. At its close, she remarked to the committee that she was very glad Wall street had come down to open the eyes of Congress. Miss Anthony then demanded that the committee should promise a discussion of the matter in the House, and to that effect eulogized Mr. B. F. Butler in a highly poetic manner. "I have always gloried in Butler," she remarked, gazing approvingly at that gentleman, "ever since he said 'contraband.' Mr. Butler, I want you to say 'contraband' for us." Two converts were made among the members of the committee. Mr. B. F. Butler, we need hardly say, was one of them, and the other was Mr. Loughridge, of Indiana. The majority of the committee were not convinced, and refused to take any notice of the ordeal to which they had been subjected; but when the subject was brought to a vote, more than a third of the members were found to favor woman suffrage.

The Judiciary Committee of the Senate refused to hear the delegates, the old Rhadamanthus pretending they had no time to crack jokes with the humorous Anthony, or listen to the wisdom of the learned and judicious Woodhull.

The National Convention of Suffragists then went on to hold some meetings, which had a bewildering effect upon the civic order of Washington city. The lady members, also, borrowing countenance and support from each other, and finding their forces accumulating in victorious proportions, proceeded, between the meetings, to lobby with a ferocity never known before. What was most desperate, the women liked it. They are said to have kept a tally-list of members, who would promise anything to get away, representing almost a majority in Congress in favor of woman suffrage. They expect to carry their point in five years, although they have not yet won sixty Congressmen to their way of thinking.

They sent in cards on an average, numbering, to different Representatives, fifty from each lady. Washington became one grand conversational salon. In nine cases out of ten, says a correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, the lady is pretty, and talks continuously, rolling her eyes upward as if in a trance.

The delegate from Wyoming, elected by the votes of women, could not be found. He attended no meeting of the ladies, and was "not at home;" and is booked for defeat at the polls next election.

THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSIONERS.

AT half-past twelve, on Tuesday, January 17th, the United States steam frigate Tennessee, Captain Temple commander, having on board the Commissioners for Santo Domingo appointed by President Grant, got under way from New York, accompanied by a revenue cutter carrying a party of United States authorities and some invited guests.

While proceeding down the harbor the Commission met and organized. They resolved to proceed directly to San Domingo City, touching at the Bay of Samana only if the captain should think it advisable. Their reason for going to the capital first is to show a proper respect for the authorities of the country.

The gentlemen composing the Board of Commissioners are, Professor Andrew O. White, of Cornell University; the Hon. Benjamin F. Wade, and Dr. Samuel Howe, the Boston philanthropist. Their suite embraces the following persons: Allan A. Burton, secretary; Frederick Douglass, Jr., assistant secretary; Dr. C. C. Pavoy, of the Department of Agriculture, botanist, and an assistant from the Cambridge Scientific School; Professor Newcombe, of Cornell University, naturalist; Professor Blake, of the State Department, geologist; Professor Ward, of the University of Rochester, assistant geologist; R. R. Hitt and John P. Foley, stenographers; and Captain Henry Wade, secretary to his father.

The press was represented by General H. V. Boynton, of the New York Associated Press, and the Cincinnati *Gazette*; Oscar G. Sawyer, of the New York *World*; Homer J. Ramsdell, of the New York *Tribune*; C. C. Fulton, of the Baltimore *American*; Arthur R. Shepherd, of the Washington *Republican*; and James E. Taylor, artist of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. Besides these, General Franz Sigel, Frederick Douglass, and the Hon. George Geddes, formerly President of the New York State Agricultural Society, and State Engineer, accompanied the Commissioners as invited guests.

The subjects which the Commission are to investigate are indicated in the resolutions of Congress, which direct the Commission to obtain answers to the following questions:

- I. What is the political state and condition of the Dominican Republic?
- II. How many people has it?
- III. Do they desire to be annexed to the United States?
- IV. What is the physical, mental and moral condition of the Dominicans?
- V. What is their condition as to material wealth and industrial capacity?

VI. What are the products and resources of the country, mineral and agricultural?

VII. What are the products of the waters and forests?

VIII. What is the general character of the soil, and what proportion of it is capable of cultivation?

IX. What is the climate and health of the country?

X. What are the bays, harbors and rivers?

XI. What is the meteorological character of Dominica, and is it subject to sudden and convulsive changes like earthquakes and hurricanes?

XII. What is the debt of the Government? Is it a funded and settled, or a floating and indeterminate debt?

XIII. What are its treaties and engagements with other powers?

XIV. What is the extent of the boundary, and how large is the territory?

XV. What part of the territory is covered by grants and concessions, and what are the names of the persons to whom they were given?

XVI. What are the terms and conditions on which the Dominican Government may desire to be annexed to the United States?

When these inquiries are answered by the Commission, the country will know how to decide as to the desirability of acquiring Santo Domingo. Even if the labors of the Commission should not be finished in time for the action of the present Congress, the question can be speedily settled at the March session of the next Congress.

The high moral standing of the Commissioners is a sufficient guarantee for the faithful, unbiased execution of their important duties.

Our illustration pictures a social consultation of the party in the elegant saloon of the Tennessee, while proceeding down the harbor. The Commissioners are liberally supplied with all necessary maps, diagrams, books, and scientific instruments.

PRUSSIA.—THE LANDWEHRMAN'S CHRISTMAS FURLOUGH.

FOR acts of special bravery and meritorious services, the Prussian landwehrmen are frequently granted leave of absence from the army to accompany squads of prisoners and wounded men to the large cities. These favors take the form of furloughs, and have, in many instances, been granted by the King himself.

In our illustration, a soldier, wearing the decoration of the Iron Cross, has been permitted to return to his home for the holiday season. The Christmas-tree sparkles in the light of many candles with dainty trimmings. The aged mother sits by her spinning-wheel, rejoiced to know that at least one of her children from the battle-field can bid her a hearty "Merry Christmas." The young wife rests her hand upon her soldier-husband's shoulder, and listens as he repeats over and over again the sad story of the campaign. Children sport about the room, burnishing old firearms, and mingling their prattlings with the more solemn words of older ones.

But there is another—a sister, young and melancholy—to whom the noise of conversation and congratulations of the season come as mournful pleasures. If he to whom she was betrothed when the tocsin was first sounded could only whisper his "Merry Christmas" in her ear, she, too, would be joyous. Still she looks from the window; everything wears a shade of darkness and chill.

Of a sudden footsteps are heard in the entry, slow and light; then a heavy body leaps up the stairs, three at a jump; the door fails to resist a nervous push; a burly-looking man rushes in, and the lonely one flies to his opened arms, knowing that now, indeed, it is a "Merry Christmas" for all.

MARVELS OF DISCOVERY.

LEPROSY is unfortunately a scourge in Hawaii, and the legislation has found it necessary to pass an act, on the ancient bases, for forming separate hospitals and districts for lepers, and no one is to be allowed to visit them without special leave from the President of the Board of Health.

It appears, from the returns made to the Census Office, that the colored population in 1870, in 1,030 counties, was 1,507,011; in 1860, the colored population in the same counties was 1,441,402. The gain is a little over four and a half per cent.; and, leaving out the Northern States, which are included in the totals, the gain would be less than three per cent.

ACCORDING to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man fifty years of age has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,000 days, was eating 1,500 days, was sick 500 days, etc. He ate 73,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,000 pounds of vegetables, eggs and fish, and drank 7,000 gallons of liquid. This would make a respectable lake of three hundred feet surface, and three deep, on which a small steamboat could navigate.

FISH-CULTURE, which has been so successfully carried on in this State by Mr. Seth Green, of Rochester, is conducted in California. The California and Lake Tahoe Artificial Fish-culture Company has a fish rancho four miles from Truckee, with six ponds, each about one hundred feet square, and containing 2,000 trout three years old, 14,000 two years old, and 110,000 one year old and younger, all born in a hatching-house. The farmers have purchased extensively, and have placed the trout in small ponds on their ranches, where the fish continue to live in a vigorous and healthy condition.

A NEW sequoia, or "big tree," forty feet and four inches in diameter, has been discovered lately near Visalia, in Southern California. This is thicker by seven feet than any other that has yet been found. A section of one of the big trees of California, the sequoia in scientific phrase, is now on exhibition in Cincinnati. It is seventy-six feet in circumference and fourteen feet high; in other words, fourteen feet of the tree was cut off; and, standing on the floor of a hall, it gives one a perfectly clear idea of the enormous size of the tree from which it was taken. The section was cut last year in the Mariposa grove, about two hundred and fifty miles southeast of San Francisco, and far up the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains. It was divided and hauled one hundred and forty miles to Stockton on three wagons by seventeen yoke of cattle.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL has given a banquet in honor of General Sheridan.

THE New Testament revisers have finished the first half of St. Matthew's Gospel.

THE Pope, notwithstanding his years and weight, is still very skillful at billiards.

THE Dean of Ripon is waging war against stained glass windows in the English churches.

HIRAM POWERS, the sculptor, will visit us next summer, for the first time in thirty-three years.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER is in such miserable health that he has relinquished his brush and easel forever.

MANZONI, the illustrious poet of Italy, has reached his eighty-seventh year, and is mentally as vigorous as ever.

MRS. ELLEN KEY BLUNT, sister to Philip Barton Key, killed by Slickies, is giving readings at Homburg, Germany.

HAMILTON COLLEGE has, as a new Professor of Chemistry, Prof. A. H. Chester, late of Columbia College, New York city.

THE Pope will be henceforth represented in Germany only by a Nuncio in Berlin. The Nuncio in Munich has been recalled.

GEORGE FAIRBAIRN, the family piper of Sir Walter Scott, died in December, and thus finished the list of the Wizard's servants.

VISCOUNT PONSON DU TERRAIL, one of the most popular romancers of France, was killed in one of the battles around Orleans.

THE Catholic youth of England are raising a fund to present to the Pope on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, which will occur in June next.

REV. DR. S. S. SCHMUCKER, of Gettysburg, Pa., has been offered the Chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the State University of Nebraska.

QUEEN VICTORIA has purchased from the city of Halifax the late residence of the Duke of Kent in Nova Scotia, and presented it to the inhabitants for a public park.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER H. B. ROBESON, U.S.N., has sent to the library of Yale College about four hundred Japanese and Chinese coins, many of them of great antiquity.

THE Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of Newark, N. J., who declined the mission to England after his nomination was confirmed, is to be sent to the United States Senate.

DR. R. J. GATLING, the inventor of the celebrated Gatling revolving gun, or mitrailleuse, has taken up his residence in Hartford, having removed his family from Indiana.

ARCHBISHOP DUPANLOUP is captive to the Germans, who charge that he is a spy in French service, carrying to the French army the information he had drawn from Catholic Bavarian officers.

JOSEPH JOHN, the religious painter, whose "Changed Cross" is the best American churchman, has had his "Beautiful Snow" also chromo-lithographed—the subject taken from Watson's well-known ballad.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's fortune is estimated to be not far from \$5,000,000 or \$9,000,000, and to be rapidly increasing. He is evidently desirous of leaving, when he dies, \$2,000 or \$3,000 a piece to his numerous wives.

LELAND's new Breitmann Ballads, called "Hans Breitmann as an Uhlant," are issued by the American publishers, the Petersons. Boucicault has appropriated the name of the hero for a character in his new play.

AN English weekly mentions among the prominent literary men who are or have been spiritualists, Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Disraeli, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and a score of the best known names in Great Britain.

THE unusual celebration—a Pearl Wedding—took place in Bergen, N. J., January 12th. Mr. and Mrs. George Tice were the groomsmen and bride, the former ninety-one years old, the latter eighty-seven. They have fifty-nine living descendants.

MR. GEORGE W. MCCOLLUM, of this city, has promised to endow New Hampshire State Normal School with \$20,000, if it is located in his native town, Mount Vernon, and to give it \$10,000 for the three years following its establishment.

HIS EXCELLENCY ITO FUGAI HINFUSMI, Assistant Minister of Finance of the Empire of Japan, who is accredited as Commissioner to the Government of the United States, arrived at San Francisco January 17th. His suite numbers twenty-two persons.

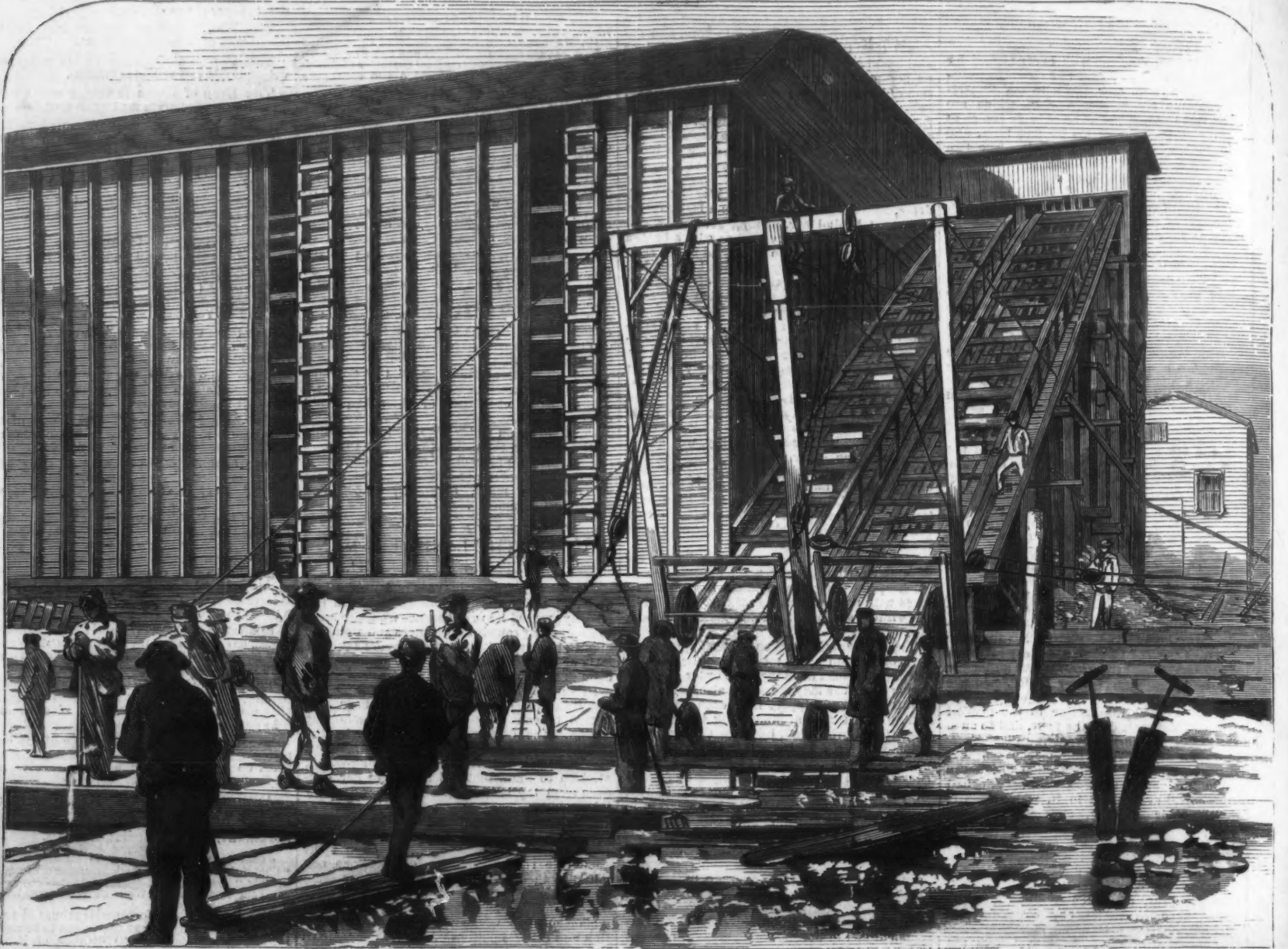
BARON GEROLT, the Prussian Minister, has received a lot of silver and gold plate and coins from one of the old German cities, which are supposed to have been left there by one of the Roman generals during an expedition into the old country known as Allemania.

ALLUDING to the recent affliction of President Woolsey, of Yale College, a Boston paper says that some years ago he lost three loved daughters in one week by scarlet fever; since then he has lost a son and another daughter within two days of each other, and now follow the deaths of two more beautiful daughters within three days of each other.

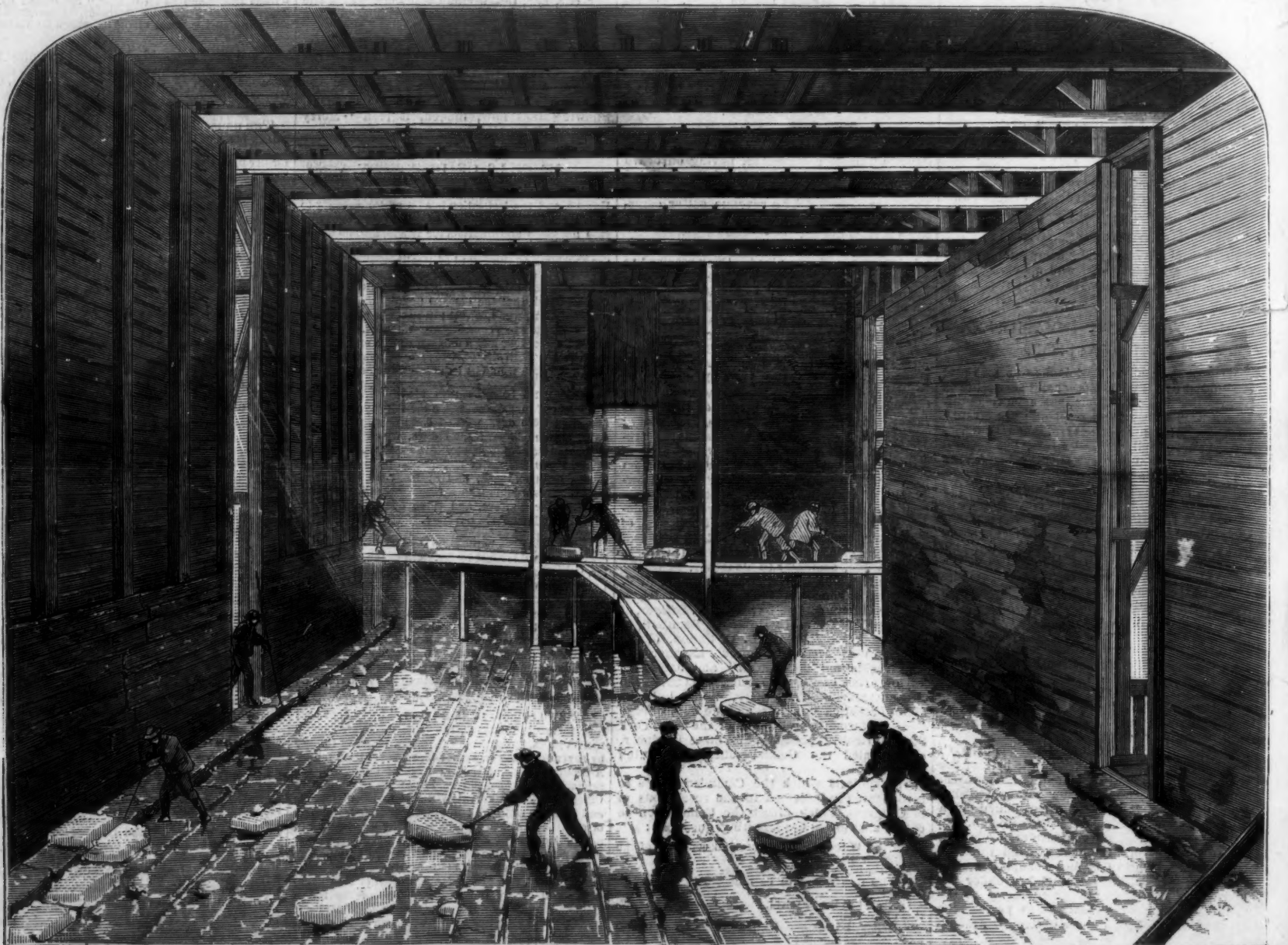
MARIENNE is a very good sort of Roman Catholic Sister, who is peddling a prophesy, among the peasants of France, that the Germans are to be cleared out, horse, foot, and dragoons, but Paris must fall first, because of its iniquities in the sight of Heaven. There is a slight pecuniary charge connected with the prophesy, but it is readily paid, the prospect which the money purchases is so pleasant.

ROBERT BUCHANAN has written a poem about the marriage of the Princess Louise as "a veritable star of Hope arising on a dark and melancholy wild." The Marquis does not consider himself a melancholy wild, and is appropriately disgraced. By-the-way, they have a story in England about Louise's falling in love with her sister's tutor, and this soft young marquis being raked up as a substitute, in a violent hurry, by the ancient mother.

A NEW YORK social scandal of the saddest character has been most unfortunately allowed to transpire. Calvin R. Cross, about Thanksgiving Day, married at St. Thomas's a young lady of New Hamburg, N. Y. He meanwhile had a wife and boy living at a respectable hotel. A short time since he disappeared, leaving his legitimate wife destitute, and his second, who is an heiress, alone. The reporters have been let loose on the track of this affair, and find that Cross was a popular and fashionable young man, under thirty years of age, spending \$10,000 per annum while his salary at the Central National Bank was \$2,000; they have also counted the pantaloons left in his apartment, discovered that the first Mrs. Cross had formerly been indiscreet, so as to render a marriage necessary, that the second Mrs. Cross was the seventh lady he had been affianced to, and other matters equally pertinent to the business and improving to the public mind.



HARVESTING IN WINTER.—ICE-ELEVATOR AT BARRITTOWN, ON THE HUDSON RIVER, N. Y.—VIEW OF THE APRON AND MODE OF STORING.—SEE PAGE 346.



HARVESTING IN WINTER.—SCENE IN ONE OF THE COMPARTMENTS OF ICE-ELEVATOR AT BARRITTOWN, N. Y.—STORING THE ICE.—SEE PAGE 346.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES RECEIVING A DEPUTATION OF FEMALE SUFFRAGISTS, JANUARY 11th.—A LADY DELEGATE READING HER ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF WOMAN'S VOTING, ON THE BASIS OF THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.—See Page 347.



"SWEET VIOLETS."

"Violets, sweet violets! all April in the city!"
—LEIGH HUNT.

Mr Isabel, do you remember

How, in the fitful April weather,
Through squares and terraces suburban
We, plighted lovers, walked together,
While, shrill beneath the changeable sky,
Rang out the violet-seller's cry?

Ah, Love, how bright those hastening hours!

How fair the hopes that shone before us!
For us the Earth put forth her flowers,
For us the blackbirds sang their chorus,
And Spring herself seemed only made
To glad us with her light and shade.

And still I see your sweet face soften
With tender smile and pensive pity,
As in our path we meet a maiden—
A child waif from the seething city;
And still rings out the violet cry.

And still the changing clouds flit by.
Last week I passed you in the Park,
Last night I met you at a *soirée*;
I watch'd your fair head meekly bent
Above the last *chef-d'œuvre* by Doré;

But your heart's hidden mystery
'Tis not for mortal eye to see.
Enough that since that bygone spring-time,
When we two lovers walk'd together,
Your heart has caught a trick of changing,
Capricious as that April weather;
And the lorn violet-seller's cry
Sounds like a dirge as I go by.

Your bouquets now are rare exotics,
Imported from far Southern bowers;
But who shall say those splendid blossoms
Are sweeter than my lowly flowers—
The violets that we stopp'd to buy
Beneath the sunlit April sky?

Alas! 'twas then our spring-time, dearest,
And o'er life's path there shone a glory,
While all our footfalls went to music,
Like mystic lute in fairy story:
But now youth's glamour shines no more
On the dull earth we wander o'er.

Some day perchance, for mere distraction,
You'll ransack a forgotten casket,
And light upon the faded posy
I gave you from the vagrant's basket;
And those poor wither'd flowers shall be
Almost a link 'twixt you and me.

THE LOST LINK;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

THE baronet was the first to speak, as the brothers stood glaring on each other with heavily frowning brows and folded arms.

"I scarcely expected you to add trespass and eavesdropping to your other gentlemanly qualities," he said, bitterly; "but unless you wish to be turned out of Lord Ashton's domain by violence, accounting to him for attempting clandestine communications with his daughter and ward, you had better leave this place without an instant's delay, and the neighborhood within an hour."

The hot blood surged madly to Algernon's brow at the insulting words, but he did not speak. It was very hard to bear, but he rigidly controlled the tempest of wrath that was rising within him, for the man before him was his brother.

"Do you hear me?" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey; "or have you suddenly lost all power of utterance in the confusion of discovery?"

"I hear only too well," replied Algernon, sternly; "but you are the son of my lost mother—woe is me that it should be so. For her sake I will bear much, but there is a limit to endurance. By what right dare you control my movements, or assume the office of Lord Ashton's park-keeper? Be warned in time, and do not try me too far. Human patience fails at last, and awful crimes spring out of less provocation than I now have received from you."

He turned from him, and was proceeding on his way, when Sir Geoffrey stood in his path.

"Patience stands for cowardice sometimes," he said, sneeringly.

Algernon's face turned deadly white.

"You ask me by what right I dare control your movements?" continued Sir Geoffrey. "The question is shortly answered. By the right of the future master of this domain; as the son-in-law elect of Lord Ashton. By the right of being the promised husband of the Lady Alice. Now are you satisfied?"

Not one word did Algernon utter.

"And so begone!" shouted Sir Geoffrey, "or I will proclaim your disgrace to the world, though the tale should involve the honor of my name, and cast disgrace on her who—"

"Silence!" exclaimed Algernon, roused beyond all power of restraint by the last words—"silence! Not one word of her. Insult to myself, for my mother's sake, shall be borne; but utter only one word of indignity to her memory, and I will crush the breath out of your wretched body."

His hand was on Sir Geoffrey's collar, when there came a light, hasty step in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came, and that gentle footfall recalled the mother he had so mourned, and with her memory came better thoughts.

"By heaven!" he said, as his hand relaxed in its grasp, "you goad me to the first crime that made the first great sin. Heaven pardon me the impulse! I will not have the brand of Cain upon my brow. Leave me while I can still remember the tie of blood between us."

Sir Geoffrey's massive form had quailed for an instant, and a livid hue overspread his face as Algernon pronounced the last words. He hesitated, paused, and then turned in the direction of the approaching steps, as if with

the intention of seeking help. Then his mood seemed to change. His hand stealthily passed into the pocket of his shooting-coat; something flashed in the morning sunshine, just as a light, youthful form bounded into the avenue from a narrow side-path; and as Sir Geoffrey fled, Olivia fell in the arms of Algernon Dacre, wounded and bleeding, and apparently unconscious of all—even of the presence of him whose life she had saved.

Algernon stood for a moment paralyzed. The whole scene had been so instantaneous, the movements of Sir Geoffrey in his murderous intent so healthy and subtle, that Algernon had literally been unaware of his danger till the heroic victim of the crime had averted it at her own life's cost—at least so Algernon believed at the moment when he first clasped the pale girl to his heart, and involuntarily printed a kiss on the cold lips, and called on her to revive, to speak to him, to assure him that he was not her murderer.

"Olivia! Olivia! My poor darling!" he cried. "Have I only saved your life for you to risk it for me in this fearful strife? Merciful Heaven, have mercy! Do not let her innocent blood be on my soul. Olivia! Olivia! speak to me!—only one look, one word."

He glanced round him, in the wild hope of seeing some living being who could fetch help, or assist him to carry the insensible girl to the nearest place of refuge. He dared not risk any sudden or uneasy motion, lest the bleeding from the wound might be hopelessly increased; and yet each instant's delay might be fatal to the fast ebbing life. It was but a few moments that the fearful suspense lasted; but to Algernon it appeared like hours, and his eyes alternately rested on that heroic girl's pale features, and then turned beseechingly round as he called aloud for help. Every idea of his own personal safety vanished; the painful thoughts that had agitated him were lost in the one frantic agony which each glance at Olivia's blood-stained dress and deathlike features drove like fiery darts into his heart.

A slight noise, too low and soft to have attracted his attention at any other time, came on the breeze in the sighing trees and boughs. Then a step on the leafy path proved that his ears had not deceived him. His eyes were strained to catch a sight of the approaching comer, and another call for help was trembling on his lips, when a low "Hush!" checked its utterance; and the next moment the lithesome figure of a young and well-dressed man, whose features were perplexingly familiar to him, appeared, noiselessly stealing toward him.

"Hush," he repeated. "Make no alarm. I will assist you to carry her to a place of far greater safety than that stately castle; but we must be quick and silent."

Algernon hesitated only for one instant. To comply with the strange request was to snap asunder every tie that bound him to Alice, and yet more, to take the foundling from her home while yet he was without means of supplying the want. His eyes scanned the stranger even as he paused. He had seen him before. There were old and unpleasant recollections attached to him, and yet there was such vague mistiness in his ideas, that he could not recall the exact date nor place where he could remember any former meeting.

"Do you want to murder her?" said the stranger, with an impatient shrug. "Do you wish to share with your brother the guilt of her blood? You are of the same dark, selfish race, or you could not look at that fainting girl and hesitate one flash of time."

Algernon made no other reply to the taunt than a gesture of assent as he stooped to raise with tender care the girlish form.

"Stop!" said the stranger, "one moment. I am half a doctor, or was so in former days."

He took a flask from his pocket, bathed the girl's face freely with a quick, decided rapidity of motion that bespoke at once preconceived determination and consciousness of the urgency of the case. Then he gathered a large leaf from a peculiar plant that his quick eye had discovered amongst the trees, placing it over the spot where the blood still trickled, and where the dress had been torn by the bullet, and finally he took a loose cloak that he had carried on his arm and wrapped it round her light form.

"There," he said, after these proceedings, which did not occupy the time which has been needed to describe them—"there now; raise her carefully. I will support her feet."

Algernon lifted her gently in his arms, and the stranger placed his arm under the thickly-cloaked limbs, and thus they rapidly conveyed her to a side entrance, seldom used, which had been apparently left open either by accident or design, and which had probably been the means of the stranger's entrance. This postern was rapidly opened and closed behind them, and still the stranger led the way into the shaded path of a wood that skirted the grounds of Compton.

"We have not much further to go ere we shall find a more rapid means of transit."

He spoke in a low tone that counseled silence, and Algernon was too entirely engrossed with terror for his fair young charge to waste one precious moment in unnecessary words.

Five minutes brought them to the end of the path in question, which terminated in a little-used and grass-covered road. And there, to Algernon's astonishment, he saw a carriage and horses waiting, and a servant, who at once seemed to recognize the stranger, though even the stolidity of a well-trained domestic was scarcely proof against surprise at the remarkable companions who accompanied his master. But if his features expressed astonishment, his words and actions were entirely at the disposal of his employer, to judge from the brief replies and prompt obedience, which were the only return to the stranger's orders.

The carriage-door was opened, and then Olivia was gently lifted into the vehicle, the young men followed, and the driver leaping

upon the box, it quietly, yet rapidly rolled along the broad way, and then, for the first time, Algernon spoke.

"Where are we going?" he asked. "How soon can we get help?"

"It will not be far," replied the stranger, smilingly, "nor long before we arrive at our destination. But in the meantime, I will just satisfy you on one point. There is certain danger for this poor girl in that Castle. Jealousy, pride, and pique, are all at work for her injury, and if you have any real regard for her, you will not regret even this mischance that removed her from a threatening of vague danger."

Algernon shuddered. Could it be of Alice, his worshiped Alice, that these words were spoken.

"Algernon Dacre," continued the stranger, "I know far more of your story, and of the conduct and character of those most nearly connected with you, than you do yourself. It is not my intention to reveal the secrets that are in my keeping, and that affect the destinies and safety of many far nearer to me than the proudest Dacre that ever ruled over the Abbey domains. But, if you are wise, you will listen to these counsels; you will commit this helpless girl to the keeping of those whose welfare is bound up with her life and safety, and let the dark plots that are working against you and her develop themselves undisturbed. You know the old proverb, 'Give a rogue rope enough and he will hang himself.' Trust me, that may be truth in the case of your honorable brother and the enemies of this poor girl."

Algernon's eyes, as well as his ears, took in the words of his companion, and he was persuaded that there was a degree of truth, if not of trustworthiness, mingled in what he said.

"At least I ought to know whom it is I am called upon to trust," he said. "There is a distinction between credulity and confidence. If I am to rely on your assurances, which, I confess, carry some show of truthfulness in them, at least, I ought to have some idea of the source of your information, and your name and position."

"And suppose I have no name," said the stranger, with a bitter smile. "Suppose that, like this youthful victim, I am cast on the world, with no man to call kinsman, and no sympathies to make me human, what then? So much the better for you, Algernon Dacre. Depend on it, the only person to be trusted in this deceitful world is the man who is not entangled with the capricious and hampering web of natural ties and supposed claims on his help and regard. I tell you that is my case. I have no creature on earth, save one, whom I can call kinsman, and I rejoice in my freedom. I am involved but in one mesh, the web of my own destiny, and, for the time at least, it is involved in yours. Are you satisfied now?"

A bitter smile was Algernon's reply.

"I have had sufficient schooling in the world's hardness, to comprehend you," he replied; "and, what is more, I believe that you are speaking truth. Still, I cannot trust a man entirely guided by self-interest or a blind faith in destiny; and I frankly tell you, that if my own judgment as to this poor child's safety and welfare did not agree with yours, nothing would have induced me to trust her thus far in your guidance."

"You would have made a terrible blunder had you refused," said the stranger, gravely. "I tell you that the whole policy of the cold-hearted set who hold their heads so high, is against you and her. Cast the lot from your mind, and go forth a free man. Trust to your own right arm, and your own indomitable will, and you will one day have cause to thank me for my counsel. If you cherish one lingering regret for your brother's betrothed bride, you are willfully and irretrievably ruined. Leave destiny to work itself out, and those who have triumphed over you will be crushed down to the very earth. It may be that a far different result from what either you or they anticipate will be the end of these proud lovers, these favorites of fortune."

Algernon was impressed, against perhaps his own better judgment, by the earnest, deep tones, and firmly pronounced words. They were unmistakably earnest. There was no tinge of wavering, or deceit, or exaggeration, in the manner. It might be arrogant or mistaken, but it was at least the real and welcome conviction of the man's judgment and his knowledge.

A slight moan from the hitherto motionless and insensible Olivia interrupted further colloquy or even reflection on Algernon's part. The motion of the carriage had awakened the poor girl to a sense of suffering, and proved at least that the unconsciousness was but the result of the shock and the loss of blood.

"Olivia," whispered Algernon, bending over her, "Olivia, my poor darling, speak to me, only one word, to tell me that your young life has not been given for mine; one word, one sound, dear, dear Olivia."

The eyelids trembled now with returning life, and a few more moments might restore her to a sense of his presence and her own novel position. And as he thus sat by her side, calling so passionately on her, each word and look was duly registered, either for good or evil, in the heart and brain of him who shrank back in his corner, as if unwilling to intrude on those two solitary ones—guardian and ward, preserved and preserver. Presently Olivia's dim eyes opened and were fixed languidly on Algernon.

"Is he gone?" she asked, "and are you safe?"

"Yes," was his reply, in a hurried whisper, "yes—all is right. I am safe. You, poor darling, are the only stricken one."

She smiled faintly, but her smile spoke such a world of love and pleasure, that a thrill, of a far different nature, shot through the hearts of both who witnessed it. But the effort was too much for her. Her eyes closed once more, and her head sank heavily on Algernon's shoulder.

"She has fainted again. Shall we be long?"

he exclaimed, anxiously. "Every moment may be fatal."

The stranger's only reply was a gesture of his hand to a thickly wooded path that the carriage was at the instant passing, and which was in about another ten yards broken by tall iron gates, that entirely shut out any glimpse of the domain within.

The coachman sharply rang a bell that hung from the very top of these gates, and then they opened slowly and silently, without any visible hand, to permit the carriage to enter. It rolled rapidly along the smooth winding drive to the door of a red brick Elizabethan house, and then the stranger leaped out, applied a latch-key to the lock, opened the door into a square, carpeted hall, and then returning to the carriage, assisted Algernon in removing the senseless girl into the house. They crossed the hall to a half-disclosed and spacious room opposite, and then depositing their burden on a large, soft couch, the stranger briefly assured Algernon they should have instant assistance, and left the room, carefully closing the door behind him as he disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LADY ALICE's night had been singularly troubled. "It is the suspense, the expectation of the dreadful interview I am resolved on meeting," she said to herself. She rang her bell sharply. The maid, somewhat astonished as she was at the early summons, obeyed with an unusual alacrity.

"What is the matter, Lisette? you look as if you had seen some spirit. What has happened?"

"If you will allow it, my lady—that is, if you will excuse my saying so, but Miss Olivia is gone; and they do say that Mr. Algernon Dacre was seen to enter the grounds from the inner deer park at daybreak."

Olivia gone! gone with the man who professed to be her own lover, and when affecting to arrange for her an interview that would decide the fate of both! Doubtless she and her false lover were even now laughing at the deception they had practiced. The thought lashed her to fury, and it was only the indomitable pride of her race that enabled her to control the fierce agony of her heart.

"This is a strange tale, Lisette," she said, coldly. "I dare say Miss Olivia has only been taking a rather longer walk than usual, and that she will return ere long."

"It is not for me to contradict your ladyship," said the girl; "but Miss Olivia is nowhere to be found, and a carriage was seen driving off from the neighborhood of the park very early this morning."

"Be quick, Lisette," said Lady Alice, after a pause, speaking with forced calmness. "I must see the earl, and consult him what is to be done, if indeed this extraordinary tale is true."

Lisette tossed her head as visibly as she dared.

Lady Alice walked with a firm step to the earl's room, tapped gently, then opened the door, and perceived Sir Geoffrey standing, with flushed and excited countenance and strangely agitated mien, opposite to her father.

"It is too true, my lord," were the words he was speaking in a low, choking tone, "I am horrified, overcome, unmanned. It is—"

But at the instant he caught a glimpse of Lady Alice's pale figure, and stopped suddenly.

"There was a report of firearms, I am told," said the earl gravely; "and drops of blood can be traced to the end of the shrubbery."

Sir Geoffrey gave a ghastly smile.

"I believe I am the culprit in that respect, my lord," he said, placing a chair for Lady Alice, who had pressed in silence her cold lips on her father's brow, and received his fond embrace; "but it is perhaps scarcely wise to enter on the sad details of what must be peculiarly painful to Lady Alice."

"Lady Alice is a Compton, Sir Geoffrey," interrupted the girl, proudly, "and can bear, and choose to hear, the truth. Please go on. It surely concerns me more than any one, if it is of Olivia you speak."

A violent shudder shook the strong man's frame.

"I entreat you to proceed, Sir Geoffrey," she said. "Please tell me all that you know in the matter."

"It is scarcely a tale for your pure woman's ears, Alice," said Geoffrey; "but perhaps it must be told now or later, and it shall be as brief as I can make it."

"I had reason to suspect, from more than one hint which I received, that my—that is, that Captain Algernon was in the neighborhood, and even more than that. I believed, from sources of information that ought not to be mentioned, that your ward was in secret communication with him; and, from her youth and simplicity, probably led to transgress her strict duty by his influence. I mention this to account for my conduct in the matter."

"I rose very early this morning, and strolled through the grounds to the spot where I had received a hint that some appointment had been made; but unluckily I was too late. Even in my very sight and hearing I saw him, Algernon, leading her rapidly away toward the postern gate to the north of the park. I called and shouted, and at last, exasperated to perhaps an unjustifiable extent, I fired, so wide of the mark as to prevent any real danger, but hoping to bring the fugitives to a stand by the alarm."

"An unfortunate hare was, I believe, the victim of my futile attempt. Algernon turned in mute defiance; and some few minutes after I heard a carriage driving off rapidly in the distance. That is all I know of the wretched business; and I confess the outrage is to me as inexplicable as it is insulting and base."

Lady Alice had listened with a galling, bitter eagerness to the story. Every word was as wormwood, that was turning her feelings to the waters of Marah. The gushing sweetness

of youthful feeling was dried up for ever. From henceforth the fair young heiress of the Ashtons would be transformed into a hard, suspicious woman, with but one purpose, one excitement, in the long life that appeared open before her.

"Your account of the transaction, Sir Geoffrey, removes all real uneasiness as to this unfortunate girl's safety," said the earl, who was the first to speak; "but, at the same time I shall restore her to Mr. Abdy's care, and settle a suitable sum in remuneration for the charge I foolishly undertook. I am very sorry—very sorry indeed—are not you, Alice?"

A heart's deep agony welled out in her tearless answer.

"I would give years of my life to recall the folly," she replied; "and so she would. She would have died rather than have endured that mortifying torture, and she shivered visibly as she drew nearer to the blazing fire, and turned her head from the observation of her father and lover. Sir Geoffrey's dark face wore a strange, livid hue as he said with a savage fierceness of tone, that might have carried ominous warning to the hearts of both father and daughter:

"The man whose existence is a blot on my name can run the race to ruin and destruction at his pleasure. The sooner it is accomplished, the less pain for all."

As he spoke, he strode from the room with a muttered excuse, conveying a confused mingling of deference to the earl, and a hint of his own inability to control his indignant feelings. But even as he slammed the door of his own chamber behind him with a violence that made the massive mirrors shiver, the spectre of that bleeding girl rose up before him.

CHAPTER XXX.

"CAPTAIN DACRE, be ruled by me. Go at once!"

It was a woman who spoke. And Algernon Dacre stood gloomily listening.

"And you would have me leave her?" he said. "But what know you of me or my story, or my deceased mother's wrongs?" he asked, sharply.

A peculiar smile crossed the woman's face. "Was it, indeed, the heiress you courted?" she said. "And did your heart yearn all this time toward the humbler companion of the earl's daughter?"

Algernon flushed crimson. "You are speaking of what you know nothing," he replied, with frigid calmness. "I have the tenderest interest and affection for the friendless orphan, as if she were my own young sister. Whatever my feelings or wishes on the other point, they are past, and for ever!"

"Indeed!" said the woman, sneeringly—"Indeed! That is well."

There was a silence for a few moments in the room; then the resumed, in a somewhat different tone.

"It is of some avail to know what you have escaped; but I would ask you once more, whether, if it were now in your power to work out your own destiny, you would seek for Alice's hand as your greatest boon?"

"No; that weakness is past."

A look of strange satisfaction greeted the reply, then the woman resumed.

"It is enough," she said. "And now to turn to the original subject of our conversation. You must go, and that at once. I have so managed that your presence here is at present unknown. In the darkness of the moonless night you can safely drive to the nearest railway station, and catch the mail train. There can be no trace of your journey in that case. You will have to leave England in three days from your arrival in London, unless you forfeit your commission. Then I will telegraph to you, and give you the last tidings of your charge ere you sail for your destination. Is not that a course that commends itself to your own sense of prudence and right, Algernon Dacre?"

"I am satisfied," he said, "that you mean to fulfill your promises; but I will be equally frank with you, and tell you that I do not trust your motives, whatever may be your conduct. Still, I see no alternative—and may Heaven watch over and requite you according to your conduct to her!"

He spoke with a dignified superiority and sadness, and, for the moment, the eyes of his companion were lowered before his calm, half-reproving gaze.

"As you will—as you will," she said, at last. "Now I will leave you to the care of my son till the hour of your departure. I shall bring you the last news of our patient, and bid you farewell when all is ready."

She rose, and glided from the room.

"Time passes, and much change doth bring, And sets a bound to everything;"

and as Algernon bent over the couch of the unconscious Olivia, and took a last glance of her pale, sharpened features, he little dreamt in what manner, and in what changed circumstances and position, he and that young suffering orphan would meet again.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is but a month since the incidents recorded in our last chapter, and yet how sorely changed is Lady Alice. Yes, to a narrow observer she was indeed changed, in those four weeks, far more than as many years should have wrought. At the moment that we thus gaze on her she is sitting thoughtful and alone.

Perhaps one hour or more had thus passed, and then steps were heard. The door opened, and Isabel Abdy entered.

Glittering in all the brilliant coquetry of a summer toilet and summer beauty, the pretty blonde glided into the room, and with a careless kiss and touch of the hand she threw herself on a couch near her friend.

"Well, Alice," she said, "how are you? I

find I am to congratulate and condole in true regal fashion. I think it is about an equal benefit to lose that pernicious little plague and to gain an eligible lover; though, to be sure, there was small danger of the heiress wanting such commodities."

"Excuse me, Isabel," she replied. "As an affianced wife I must request a truce to all such ill-judged allusions to your own wild fancies."

"I am sorry I cannot obey you, Alice," said Isabel; "but I have promised one to whom I owe even more compliance than to my pretty, incipient countess, that I would speak to you on the subject which affects me, perhaps even more than you can imagine. But first I have a secret to confide to you. You are not the only bride-elect. I am engaged, privately at present, but still really engaged, to Lord Rushbrooke."

"I congratulate you," Alice said, coolly, "on gaining what you desired, Isabel; and the sooner you secure the prize the better, perhaps."

"Well, Alice," said Isabel, "from some reason or other Lord Rushbrooke feels especially disgusted with Captain Dacre. Perhaps he thought he was flirting with me; indeed he did so, long before he thought of you. But what I am come especially to inquire about is, whether the report that Olivia left the Castle without your consent, and with Captain Dacre, is correct?"

"I am reluctant to talk on so painful a subject, Isabel," she replied, as carelessly as she could affect. "All I can say is, that I had not then, nor have I now, the most distant idea of that unfortunate girl's intentions or proceedings."

"Since that is the case," said Isabel, "I must tell you that Lord Rushbrooke has directed me to offer you, in compensation for the annoyance you have had from this wretched child, the means of holding some check over her and Captain Dacre's charming little game. I can procure the clothes that she was found in as a baby, which are the only possible traces that can be in existence of her birth; and when they are once in your keeping, you can do what you like with them. Will you like that little morsel of revenge on the traitors, Alice?"

"I scarcely concern myself sufficiently in these vagaries, or the fate of this ungrateful girl, to make so serious and dramatic a matter of it," replied Alice; "but if—that is, since she was really delivered into our keeping, and as we are therefore in some way responsible for her fate, it may be as well. For myself, I am weary of the whole subject; and I trust, Isabel, that you have exhausted it now."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Isabel; "and indeed I must bid you good-by. Only to think of her shyness, Alice, and Algernon Dacre being taken by such an ugly little wretch, while your dark and my fair charms were before his eyes!—for we are both very pretty, there's no denying it, Alice; and there are some that have felt our power—eh, my fair countess?"

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," replied Alice, coldly; "I am forming a suitable connection, and Sir Geoffrey Dacre is gratifying his own ambition."

Isabel gave a slight toss of the head as she rose to depart.

"Very well, Lady Alice," she said, "as you please. Some time you may regret having displayed such haughty caprices to an old school-friend. Many have held their heads as loftily, and sustained a fall. Good-day, Lady Alice."

Coldly touching Lady Alice's hand, the young lady then departed.

The heiress remained in a deep fit of thought after her old schoolfellow left her.

The proofs of the girl's origin, slight as they were, should be carefully guarded by her; and then, all connection with the wretched past should be snapped asunder.

Meanwhile the object of her mingled love and hate was gloomily musing on the dark passages of his own and Olivia's destiny, as he paced the deck of the vessel that was rapidly bearing him from all that he most loved and most deeply honored.

"Alice, Alice, was it well done?" he murmured. "Thou wert so young, so winning, so sweetly yielding, even in the midst of thy proud beauty and wealth and rank, that I dreamed the vain dream of a sympathy between opposite natures, that could even draw us more closely together. But it is over now, over for ever! But she, that helpless one—what had she done, that life and safety and comfort were to be destroyed in the early spring-time of her days? And for me?"

Even while this aggravation of his sorrows rankled and burned in his lonely musings, there was a drop—a redeeming drop of sweetness—in the remembrance of Olivia and her generous devotion. There was faith and truth and love left in woman. His own mother had not taken with her all that could bind him to life. So long as Olivia was unprotected and alone, he had a motive for living. So long as she cherished for him the loving gratitude of a generous heart, he was not altogether desolate. He would save himself; he would try to live and win prosperity for her.

The suffering, proud-spirited girl, who lay slowly recovering strength and consciousness on her bed of pain and weakness, would have felt a thrill of delight that no bodily agony could repress, had she heard the heart-whispers of him for whom she would willingly have died. But, alas! long years would divide these two lonely ones from each other!

A STORY of Farragut, denied by a *Herald* contributor, has, nevertheless, the accent of truth: A few hours before Farragut died he told his wife that he would like to see a clergyman. There was an Irish servant-girl in the room at the time, and before Mrs. Farragut had time to comply with the Admiral's request the servant-girl had a Roman Catholic priest at the bedside of the dying Admiral, and proceeded to perform the services peculiar to his Church. The Admiral suddenly opened his eyes, looked steadfastly upon the priest, waved his hand, and said, in a clear voice: "Go away, sir; you are not my pilot!"

RECEPTION OF THE EXPATRIATED FENIANS IN NEW YORK, JANUARY 19th.

WEDNESDAY of last week was a day of much anxiety to the Irish population of New York, for it was hourly expected that the steamship *Cuba*, bearing to this country the most prominent of the Fenian prisoners recently released from confinement by the British Government, would arrive in the Bay. The vicinity of the Battery was crowded all day; steamboats were in readiness to take committees of reception to the steamship as soon as she was spoken off Sandy Hook; and the excitement was on the steady increase. Up to a late hour, however, no intelligence was received at the barge office, and the crowd dispersed only to assemble on the following morning with increased numbers. All day the crowd surged to and fro on the wharf at Castle Garden, every one asking his neighbor if the *Cuba* had been signaled yet, and receiving the laconic response, "Don't know." The Knights of St. Patrick had been tendered the use of the Board of Health's steamer *Andrew Fletcher*; the Tammany Society had chartered the *Antelope*; and Collector Murphy, with other officers of the Government, had the Bronx in readiness to sail at a moment's notice. About three o'clock a squad of policemen passed through Castle Garden to the wharf, and were stationed on each side the gang-plank, where they were kept in waiting until five o'clock, when, no word having been received from the *Cuba*, the *Antelope* started off for Quarantine, the Committee from Tammany Hall being determined to await the arrival of the exiles there.

At nine o'clock the *Cuba* stopped at Quarantine, where the three steamers came up to her, and cordial salutations were exchanged.

The following are the names and sentences of the liberated exiles who arrived by the *Cuba*, eleven more being expected on another steamer: John McClure, death, commuted to penal servitude for life; Henry S. Mulledy, death, commuted to penal servitude for life; Jeremiah O'Donovan (Rossa), penal servitude for life; Charles Underwood O'Connell, ten years' penal servitude; John Devoy, fifteen years' penal servitude.

Owing to a general law regarding arrivals of ocean steamships after sunset, the *Cuba* was obliged to remain at Quarantine until the following morning; the distinguished guests, however, were brought to the city by their friends.

GERMAN SOLDIERS DIGGING POTATOES, NEAR PARIS.

ALTHOUGH it must have been done under considerable difficulties, the German troops before Paris appear, by all accounts, to have managed to be tolerably jolly at Christmas. Boxes and hampers came from Fatherland, and were opened with much interest, which verged into positive enthusiasm when wine and beer, and cigars and sausages, were disinterred.

Our illustration shows a scene of German camp-life, and gives another example of the exercise of the faculty—forethought—that has stood the Germans in such good stead throughout the campaign; for it is clear that those potato-diggers, if they had an eye to the "festive season," must have laid in their stores a considerable time beforehand. No potatoes could possibly have been gathered that were fit to eat for some time before Christmas. But then the Germans are far-seeing fellows; so our conjecture that some of those tubers might figure on the camp Christmas dinner-tables is not so very extravagant after all. Certain it is, however, that, if all accounts be true, enormous quantities of potatoes have been gathered round Paris by both besieged and besiegers—from which we may infer that the neighborhood of the French capital must be a veritable Ireland for potato-growing.

HUMORS OF THE GALLOWS.

THE records of the London Old Bailey are full of strange stories of criminals and their conduct. Among others is this:

An Irishman had been convicted of a robbery, and was brought up, with others, to receive judgment of death. The prisoner, on being called on by the officer of the court, in the usual way, to declare what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, advanced to the front of the dock, with a vacant stare, and inquired:

"What is the question?"

"You have been convicted of robbery. What have you to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you according to law?"

"Faith," answered the prisoner, "I have nothing much to say, except that I do not think I am safe in your hands."

The court laughed. Sentence was passed, and the prisoner was about to retire, when the officer of the court called him back and demanded to know his age.

"Is it my age ye mean?"

"What is your age?"

"I believe I am pretty well as old as ever I'll be."

Again the whole court was "convulsed with laughter," but the wretched man, whose mirth-moving powers were quite involuntary, was doomed, even at the scaffold, to "set the people in a roar." In the press-room his irons were removed, and his arms confined with cords. This being done, he seated himself, and, in spite of the calls of Jack Ketch and of the sheriffs to accompany them in the procession to the scaffold, he remained sullenly on the bench where he had taken up his position.

"Come," at last urged the hangman; "the time is arrived."

"But the Irishman would not move."

"The officers are waiting for you," said the sheriff. "Can anything be done for you before you quit this world?"

No answer was returned.

Jack Ketch grew surly. "If you won't go, I must carry you," he said.

"Then you may," said the prisoner, "for I'll not walk."

"Why not?" inquired a sheriff.

"I'll not be instrumental to my own death," answered the prisoner.

"What do you mean?" asked the ordinary.

"What do I mean?" retorted the hapless man. "I mean that I'll not walk to my own destruction." And in this determination he persisted, and was carried to the scaffold, where he was turned off, refusing to do anything which might be construed into "his being a party to his own death."

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE ball season is at its climax.

MAINE slew ninety-one bears in 1870.

LAKE ONTARIO is traversed by ice-boats.

THE Bostonians are troubled with boils.

WISCONSIN has one hundred cheese factories.

BALTIMORE claims to make more shoes than Lynn.

THE postal card system will soon be tried in Canada.

FIFTEEN MILLION people in the United States wear corsets.

THE Dubuque lead mines yielded \$250,000 worth in 1870.

MRS. MYRA CLARKE GAINES's lawyer's fees amount to \$127,000.

MACKEREL fishing employs 2,292 vessels, 1,578 more than last year.

AN eligible variety of the sugar-maple is found native in Montana.

THE average cost of each shot fired into Paris is estimated at \$200.

A LADY pleader has won a case for her client, at Ann Arbor, Mich.

MEMPHIS has distributed five thousand bushels of coal to its poor.

THE celebrated hanging-tower of Pisa, Italy, threatens to fall in entirely.

TWO HUNDRED tons of silver ore per week pass through Salt Lake City.

THE Spotswood Hotel in Richmond is to be replaced in Richmond granite.

NINETY-SIX paper-mills in this country were destroyed by fire during the year.

WHILE gold is worth \$17 per ounce, fine blonde hair readily commands \$25.

BULL-FIGHTING is an amusement of some parts of China as well as of Spain.

THE Prussians call the Seine gunboats, which are painted green, "The Frogs."

A PNEUMATIC tube is to connect the National Capitol and public printing office.

THE silk interest of California bids fair to rival the gold production in a few years.

OF 355,277 beef-cattle shipped to New York last year, Illinois furnished 204,131.

NORTH CAROLINA paid Government tax on 65,000 gallons of fruit brandy last season.

THE latest advices from the Tehuantepec surveying party report all in good health.

LOUISIANA, being troubled with the cotton-worm, has imported 500 English sparrows.

THERE are 6,090 manufacturing establishments in Philadelphia, according to the late census.

A PARISIAN salmi of rats was "like young rabbit, with more flavor; flesh white and very delicate."

NATCHEZ levies \$20,000 for school purposes, and it is said to be the largest levy on the Mississippi.

THE State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., now contains 1,003 convicts, the largest number since its establishment.

"PERSONALS," from French prisoners in quest of their friends, fill the columns of the *Independence Belge*.

THE Erie Ice Company of Buffalo have packed ten thousand tons, near a foot thick, and clear as quartz crystal.

DUBOIS, the Paris butcher, has bought the three elephants of the Jardin des Plantes, for \$5,400; the camels and bears are eaten.

IN South Carolina, Broad River froze last week, for the first time in thirty-seven years. The negroes in the South have been dying of cold.

AN ingenious Englishman has written a conclusion to Dickens's "Edwin Drood," and will publish it with some nonsense about having found the MS. in a desk of Dickens's.

THE largest clearance of cotton that has ever been known from New Orleans was made last week, the amount being in the aggregate 22,724 bales, principally for Liverpool and other European ports.

A PARIS correspondent describes the discovery of Mme. Hamelin, whose husband had been ambassador at Constantinople under Louis Philippe, dead in bed in a garret at Belleville, Paris, of cold and starvation.

AN operatic medley, made up entirely of music by Stephen C. Foster (undoubtedly a better and more inventive melodist than Offenbach), has been written in Indianapolis by Jesse A. Baker, under the title of "An Evening with Foster."

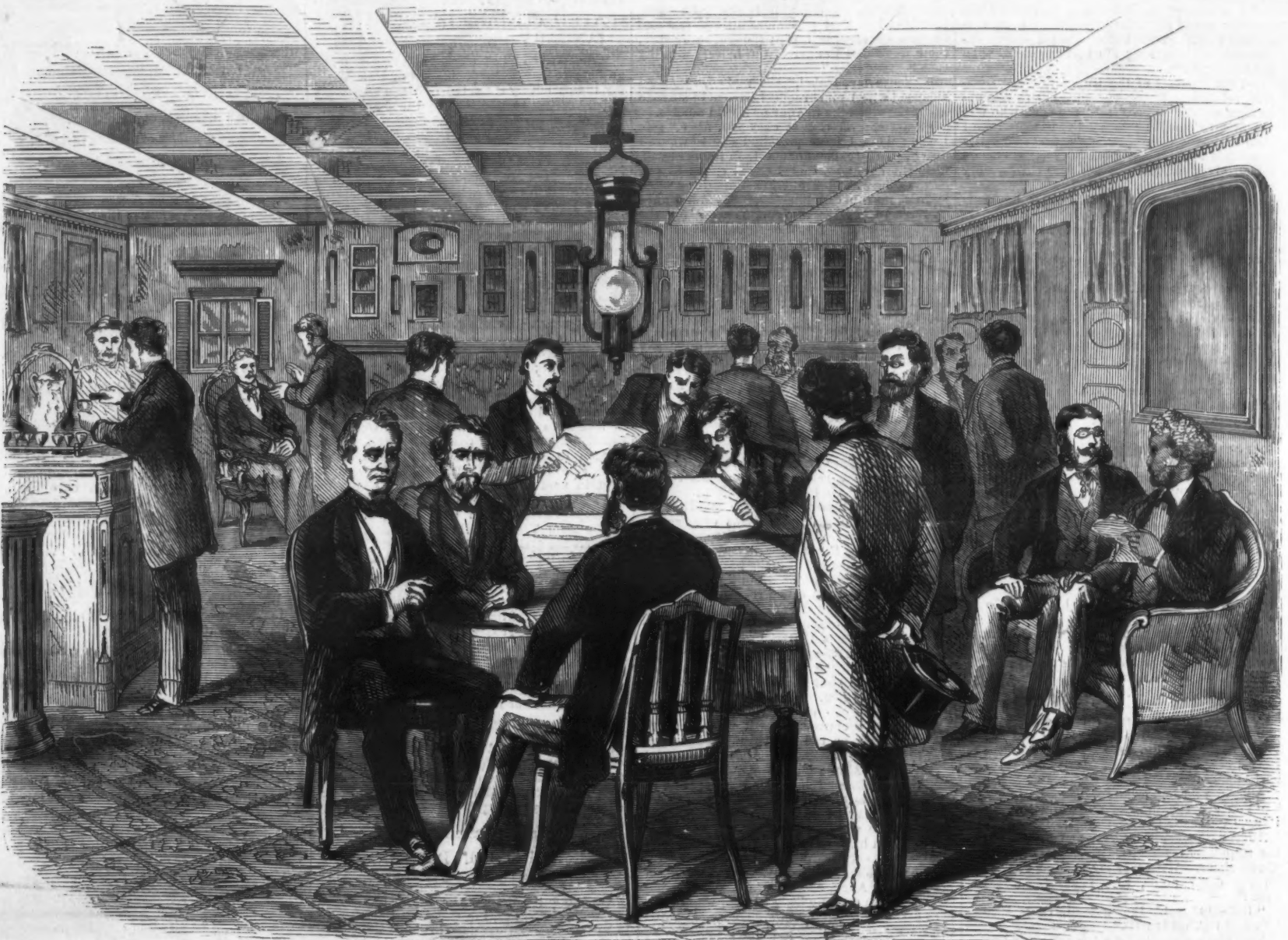
THE West India Cable Company's steamer *Dacia* is still engaged in the work of grappling for the broken Aspinwall cable in five hundred fathoms of water with sandy bottom. The electricians are confident of the immediate recovery of the cable.

THE annual ball of the Cercle de l'Harmonie is to come off at the Academy of Music, New York, January 26th. As the Liederkreis, Arion, and Furm. Societies have determined to do away with their receptions this season, this ball will be the most prominent fancy-dress carnival of the winter.

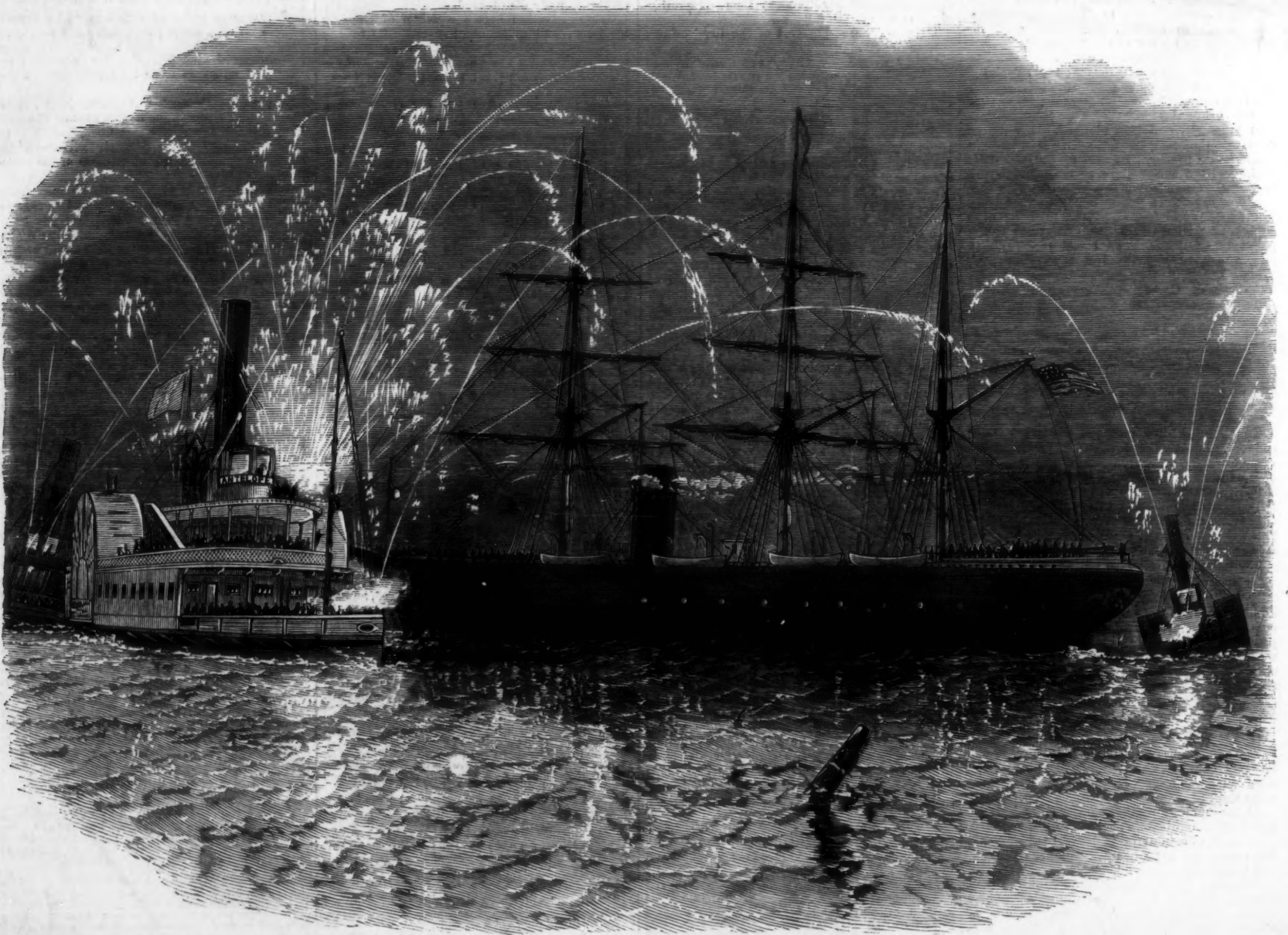
THE California and Lake Tahoe Artificial Fish-culture Company has a fish ranch four miles from Truckee, with six ponds, each about one hundred feet square, and containing 2,000 trout three years old, 14,000 two years old, and 110,000 one year old and younger, all born in a hatching-house.

MR. RICHARD WALLACE, son of the late Marquis of Hartford (whose yearly income is \$5,000), has paid the expenses of all the poor English sent out of Paris since the investment. The British Charitable Fund, organized in Paris, say that they would now, except for this munificent act, have to support 1,000 English at a cost of \$2,000 per month.

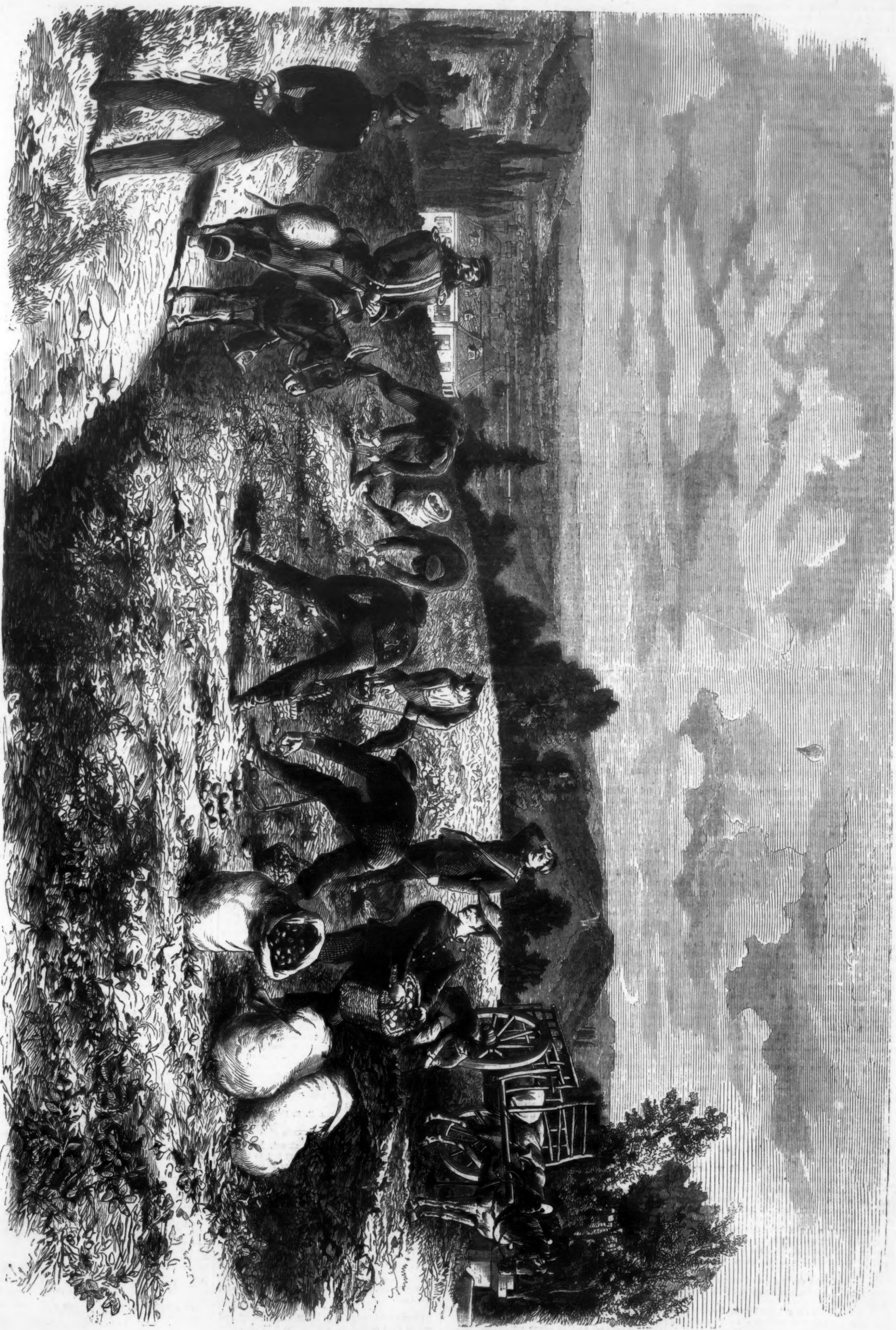
AFTER the burning of the steamer *McGill*, near Memphis, January 7th, a man and wife, cabin passengers, were seen floating on the stony plank; suddenly the lady was heard to say, "I am freezing—let's die together!" She then let go the plank, and her husband grasped her, but he was too exhausted to maintain her above the water, and both sunk, locked in each other's embrace.



EXPEDITION OF THE "TENNESSEE" TO SANTO DOMINGO, BEARING COMMISSIONERS WHITE, WADE AND HOWE, THE SCIENTIFIC EXPLORERS, ETC.—CABIN OF THE "TENNESSEE."—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ACCOMPANYING THE PARTY.—SEE PAGE 347.



NEW YORK.—RECEPTION OF THE PENIAN EXILES, JANUARY 19TH—THE STEAMER "ANTELOPE," WITH THE TAMMANY COMMITTEE, THE "BRONX," WITH COLLECTOR MURPHY, AND THE "FLETCHER," WITH THE KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK, OFF SANDY HOOK, MEETING AND SALUTING THE "CUBA," WITH THE EXILES.—SEE PAGE 351.



FRANCE.—PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN A POTATO-FIELD NEAR PARIS.—S. E. PAGE 351.

A WINTER DAY.

O MOURNFUL day! O fallen leaves!
O rain! slow-dropping from the eaves;
O wind! that beateth at the pane,
And sobbeth, though your sobs are vain,
I weep with you this mournful day,
For life and love are gone away.

I loved her, and I dreamed, as men
Dream once, but never dream again—
Dreamed of a thousand things to be
All for her sake who cared for me—
Dreamed sweetly, but the dream is done
That with the summer-time begun.

She was a flower that loved the sun;
My frail white flower! no fairer one
Died, when the Summer's children died
In valley and on brown hillside.
The gray clouds hid away the sun,
And soon her summer-life was done.

Sob on, O wind, and cry in vain,
For that which shall not come again.
The fairest flowers are first to fade,
The things we love most, first to die;
O wind, the sad complaint you made,
Is but the universal cry!

"THE PACK OF CARDS."

I HAD the stage fever very young, and it is one of those maladies not easily cured. I joined dramatic classes on the sly, and saved up my pocket-money to buy plays and candles. The plays I studied, and the candles enabled me to study at the dead of night. My sisters helped me on, and Mary, in particular, lent me all her dresses. My face was always very young, and Nature had given me certain gifts. I learnt a little of a great many things.

I played the piano a little; I sang a little; I ventriloquized a little. I learned a little conjuring, and I worked unceasingly at my hobby.

They soon found out at home that I was getting very bad. And so they tried the desperate measure of sending me to a city office, where I was perched upon a stool from eight to ten hours at a stretch. My sister Mary was my faithful friend. The dull, monotonous routine of a merchant's office was killing me, and every night when I went into Mary's room to bid her good-by I poured my sorrows into her ear.

She soon gathered from what I told her that it would not be long before I ran away and joined some company of strolling players.

She was afraid of my determination, and she made me promise, on my honor, that I would do nothing without consulting her.

She said it would break her heart if I ran away, and I loved my sister Mary.

Still, moth-like, I kept burning my wings at the candle. I went to the play at least three times a week, all unknown to my father, who, unfortunately, tried the desperate remedy of a sudden operation instead of gentle restoratives. I kept on with the dramatic classes, and the more successful I became, the more applause I won, the worse the fever raged.

In a dirty hall, in a little back street, I one night made a great hit. I was so dazzled with the brilliancy of the footlights, with the eager faces, with the rounds of applause, with the genuine enthusiasm of the audience, that I came home excited and willful, obstinate and determined. I implored Mary to release me from my promise.

She, like a dear girl, had previously sounded them all at home. She walked round the subject delicately, and attacked my father in his most vital part. He was an old playgoer himself. He loved the stage; but when it came to his son being an actor, that was quite another thing. He fairly admitted that there were scores of gentlemen on the stage; that many were welcomed into the very best society; but still, he did not intend that his son should go on the stage. He vowed that, if I dared to disobey him and turn actor, he would turn me out of doors and never set eyes on me again.

It was Mary who suggested a compromise.

She knew what I could do, how versatile I was, how I could sing and dance, and do all sorts of odd clever tricks; and, in a rough way, she suggested an entertainment. She did not know much about it, but gave the outline of the plan very completely. Besides, she thought the entertainment notion would not irritate the home authorities so much as the play-acting. At any rate, the experiment might be tried.

It was to be a secret to everybody. I was to change my name, get hold of a dramatic author, take a down-town hall, and try the experiment.

If I failed, no one would be much the wiser, and I might still retain my city clerkship. If I succeeded—Well, there was time enough to talk about that presently.

But how about the money?

Poor Mary had not thought of that.

"I shall require at least four hundred dollars," I said; "two hundred dollars for the dramatic author, and two hundred dollars for the preliminary advertisements."

Here was the first dash of cold water; but "Nothing venture, nothing have," was my motto; and on reflection I thought it would not be a bad plan to try the effect of impudence, and see if my backer had any faith with me.

There was a keen business man who had known me from childhood, and who was quite aware what I could do. He had praised me again and again, and ridiculed my father's severity.

This was in the early days of entertainments, and the old gentleman knew the public pretty well.

Aghast at my own impudence, I consulted my old friend and revealed to him Mary's plan. He caught at the notion at once, and he backed his opinion by offering to advance me the four hundred dollars and a trifle more for dresses, on the condition that, if I succeeded,

he would ask me for the money at some future day; and if I failed he would say no more about it.

Strict secrecy was enjoined. No one was to know anything about it but Mary and our old friend. The next thing was to find out a dramatic author. I knew no authors, and belonged to no literary class. But, from the front row of the pit, I had observed all the critics who attend the first representation of new plays.

I chose out one with the kindest face, and made bold to stop him one night when the play was over, and asked him when I could see him on a little matter of business.

He appointed the next morning, at his chambers, in a street off Broadway; and then I unfolded my daring project.

I was very lucky, however, in my author. His experience was vast, and without his assistance I should never have been telling you this tale. Before he knew what I could do he dissuaded me gently from my project. He had seen so many failures. Money had been thrown away so very constantly. Though he was sacrificing two hundred dollars, my friend advised me to pause.

Then I sat down at his piano, and showed him what I could do. I sang scraps of songs, and suggested tricks; I caught up an antimacassar, and played a lady; the poker was my property for one character, and a long pipe for a second.

"You will do," said my friend, pleasantly. "I will write for you with pleasure."

He worked like a trump for me. He wrote his best songs, introduced all my best business; made me conjure and ventriloquize; taught me how to make up the face; practiced me in the very difficult art of a rapid change; and procured for me an entertainer's table designed by himself, with an elaborate but most useful system of counter-weights.

He certainly earned his money—every dollar of it—and he predicted a great success for the new and original entertainment called "The Pack of Cards."

Mary was in the highest spirits. We used to walk out together on Sunday, and see if the billstickers had done their duty. "Mr. Marmaduke Mills in his New Entertainment of 'The Pack of Cards'" greeted us at every turn. The bills were very showy, and—thanks to my friend—the advertising was capitally done.

The evening of the entertainment was fixed. I shall never forget it. My author had promised to bring all his friends belonging to the press, and he was quite as anxious about my success as I was myself.

He gave me the most elaborate instructions as to what I was to eat and what to drink on the fatal day; but I was so excited, that I was sick from morning until the dreadful hour arrived.

Mary had been my friend all through. It was in her room at night that I rehearsed. She helped me with my properties, and I soon saw that without her I should fail altogether.

I consulted my friend, and he said that a professional dresser would never do. I must have some one near me to whom I was accustomed—a woman, if possible.

Dear Mary consented to see me through the first night with "The Pack of Cards," for I told her fairly that if she deserted me I should break down completely.

With very guilty faces we contrived an excuse for getting away from home on Christmas Eve.

I told them that a friend of mine had given me tickets to see a new entertainer, called Marmaduke Mills, who was coming out that evening at the Sphinx Rooms.

"What is he going to do?" growled my father.

"Well, they call it 'A Pack of Cards,'" answered Mary, looking very bored.

"A pack of nonsense, more likely," continued the parent. "I dare say he is an impostor or an idiot."

"Or both," I suggested, mildly.

"It will be very slow, I expect," said Mary, acting to perfection. "Do you think it is worth while going?"

"Well, I hardly know," I chimed in. "Still, as Larkins has given us the tickets, it will be hardly civil to shirk it. On the whole, I think we had better support this Marmaduke Mills."

"Well, go, then; and joy go with you. I would not go for a hundred dollars."

These were my father's words, and I need hardly say that I would have given him a hundred dollars to keep him away.

I commenced, of course, with the usual address in dress clothes; and Mary was at her post prepared for the first change.

I was as nervous as a kitten, but Mary cheered me on. I bungled with the entertainer's table, was too rapid with my first character; and as Mary and I struggled with the mechanical arrangements, we felt something was wrong.

However, there was no time to be lost; and in my excitement I paid little attention to the strange noise which the audience heard distinctly as I popped up.

"Hang the table!" I muttered to myself; "something wants oiling. The weights won't act."

I got capitally through with my first character. The audience roared, and in my excitement I forgot my nervousness.

Down I went again. Mary was as pale as death. She seemed to bungle with the properties, and I chafed my little assistant, and persisted that I was the pluckier of the two.

Up I went again, as the timid young gentleman. This was a greater triumph than before, and I was encored in my first song—a supposed duet between the timid gentleman and a gushing soprano.

I descended amidst great applause. Mary was paler than ever.

I persisted that I was doing very well, and that she need not be alarmed. She only smiled

very faintly, and said she hoped it was all right.

My next change was into woman's dress, and here I required Mary's aid particularly. But she was awkward and slow. She did her best; but I saw she was put out with something.

I got rather cross, and implored her to be a little quicker. This change was to be the effect of the evening. I got dressed somehow, squabbling with Mary all the time, and up I came amidst a murmur of astonishment.

I felt that my triumph was complete, and during the interval which took place between the parts the author came round and congratulated me warmly on my success.

"Only get through the next part as well, and your future is made. But, come! take a little refreshment, or you will be exhausted."

Mary was ready with a bottle of stout; and, though she still seemed put out, nervous, and dull, I really had no time to cheer her up or ask her what could be the matter with her.

The second part went on brilliantly; but I was annoyed—my assistant had broken down so thoroughly, though she tried to do her best.

"It is so very hot down here, dear," she said; "but I will try and help you."

I could see she was struggling on; and she actually brightened up when I went above for the last time and came down again, the audience cheering loudly and the little band playing "God Save the Queen."

I was wild with excitement; and, just as I was, with the paint on my face, and streaming down with perspiration, I caught my sister in my arms to thank her for her assistance and make up for my irritability.

"Oh, darling! for God's sake, don't!" she said. "My arm, darling—my poor, poor arm!"

This was all she said. In another minute she had fainted away.

What do you think, sir, had happened? That dear sister of mine had broken her arm five minutes after the entertainment began, and she 'kept up' to save her brother. Upon my honor, I think that Mary's heroism was as great as that of any soldier who rushed up to certain death at the storming of the Redan. She is a grand character.

A NEW ROUTE BETWEEN EUROPE AND AUSTRALIA.

AMONG the great American enterprises now on foot must be ranked the proposition, now before the Committee on Commerce of Congress, to place a great line of steamships at once upon the route between San Francisco and the Australian Colonies, so as to provide a nearer and quicker route for the people of the South Pacific to Europe. It must be understood that there is already a feeble line of steamers actually running upon this route; but it is proposed, with the temporary aid of the Government, to elevate it to the rank of a first-class route for travel and the conveyance of the Colonial mails. The steamship *Moses Taylor*, which arrived at San Francisco on the 6th inst., from Auckland, New Zealand, is the pioneer of the line, which has sprung up out of commercial necessities. She brings the news that her owner, Mr. William H. Webb, the well-known ship-owner and builder, with his associates, have made a conditional contract with the Colonial Government for the transmission of the mails to New York via San Francisco and the Pacific Railroad, thence by Atlantic steamships to Liverpool. The contract time of the vessels on the Pacific is twenty-four days, including a stoppage at Honolulu, and one at the Feeje Islands; distance, 6,466 miles. There is already a large and growing commerce between our Pacific ports and Australian ports—the arrivals thence at San Francisco in 1870 were eighty-six vessels of 62,004 tons, with freight values of \$539,306, gold. It has been stated that the total number of passengers to and from England and her South Pacific Colonies was last year upward of 27,000, or more than 500 a week, with a passage of from 50 to 150 days. If only one-half this number followed the American route, which can be traveled in less time and with greater comfort, it would prove a very gratifying addition to the business of the Pacific Railroad, and sufficient to justify the semi-monthly steamer contemplated by the company now seeking aid. There are also our important shipments of precious metals, wool, and the like, one way, and miscellaneous merchandise the other way, to be counted upon as elements of the traffic which may pass across our continent.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

ALMOST seven years of constant use of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine has yielded me perfect satisfaction with its performance. Five minutes of time was once lost in correcting a slight disarrangement of its working parts; with that exception it has never been out of order, or in any respect failed of its promise. I had previously used, of other machines, three different kinds, and for the varieties of work required for family use, I have found none equal to the Grover & Baker. It is especially superior in the elasticity of the stitch, the ease with which it is operated, the speed of performance, and its reliability for immediate use.

MRS. B. B. HOTCHKIN,
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ROOSEY & Co., of 4 Bond street, have just issued a little volume which cannot fail to be welcome to all lovers of music. It very happily combines three distinguished composers, whose works are so prominently distinctive. Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Beethoven's "Fidelio," and Rossini's "Il Barbiere" are too popular to need any eulogism. They are the three great operas of the world—each the masterpiece of its famous composer. They are published at two prices—one in paper cover, \$1, and another in a very handsome binding, for \$2.

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FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

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MRS. ANNETTE GERTER.
Rock Island, Ill.

THAT distinguished lecturer and humanitarian, P. T. Barnum, will give a lecture on Thursday evening, January 26th, at the Centenary Chapel, Brooklyn, upon the important subject of "Health, Wealth and Happiness." It is for the benefit of the Centenary Universalist Society of Brooklyn.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

PRESENT for a zoologist—A bunch of seals.

HARMLESS slides for this weather—Stereopticon slides.

WHAT ancient author wrote on mince-meat?—Suet-onius.

What trade did Master Jack Horner adopt?—That of a plumber.

WHY are there no eggs in San Domingo?—They banished the whites, and cast off their yoke.

A TRAVELING piano-player undertook to whip an Illinois editor, and when he got through, the piano-pounder had only one ear for music.

THE owners of dogs in Paris, with the dogs themselves, contrive to live very well, reciprocally, through the simple expedient of cutting off the dogs' tails, converting the tails into soup and giving the bones to the dogs.

JUST now they are having a joke out West, on a composer who set up the toast, "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," and got the stops in the wrong place, and produced: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." They say that his wife, who was helping read the proof, discovered the mistake right away.

THE five tests of friendship are—1. Lend your friend a good umbrella, and live to see it back again. 2. Invite him to your club, and treat him to cold mutton, and find that he forgives you. 3. Ask him to post a letter, and learn within a week that he has actually done so. 4. Cut a gash in his new billiard cloth without ruffling his temper. 5. Tread upon his gouty toe, and see him smiling at your clumsiness.

A MAN named Southworth, living in Mayville, N. Y., has been interviewed by the *Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch*. He has just ejected from his stomach a frog which has been living there for fifteen years! Mr. Southworth, says the *Iowa State Register*, has had a great deal of trouble with that frog. It used to begin to croak at the most unseasonable hours. When Southworth would go to church, for instance, the frog would remain silent until the congregation engaged in silent prayer, and then it would set up such a terrific howl that the sexton would rush in and collar Southworth, and drag him out to quiet him down in the graveyard. Sometimes the frog would give a nocturnal serenade after Southworth was fast asleep in bed, and then Southworth would rise, as mad as anything, and seize a stomach-pump and try to draw the frog up. But the subtle reptile had had that trick played on it too often during those fifteen years, and it always shinned up the tube a piece, out of the draft, and waited until Southworth exhausted himself. Southworth never fooled that frog a great deal. And when frogs were in season, Southworth used to fish for this one with a fly; but it always refused to rise, and the fly buzzed around so in Southworth's alimentary canal that it nearly tickled Southworth to death. So Southworth had to wait until the other day, when the frog thought it would come up and go and see a friend; and when it did come, Southworth killed it with a fork. He says the frog used to eat twice as much as he did; but we have been thinking it over, and it seems to us the statement must be exaggerated.

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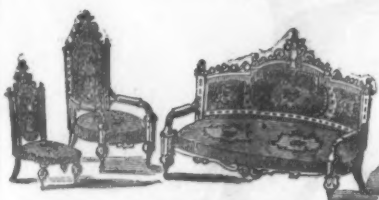
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